

UNCLE WIGGILY AND ALICE IN WONDERLAND



Howard R. Garis





Dorothy
with love
from

Joan & Marlow

Christmas 1932



Uncle Wiggily and Alice in Wonderland

COMPLETE IN TWO PARTS

Fifty-Two Stories—One for Each Week in the Year

By

HOWARD R. GARIS


ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD BLOOMFIELD

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CHAPTER I

UNCLE WIGGILY AND WONDERLAND ALICE

Once upon a time, after Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice bunny rabbit gentleman, had had some adventures with Mother Goose, as I have told you in one book, and when many things had happened to him with queer folk from the Arabian Nights, as I have told you in another book, Uncle Wiggily wished for new and wonderful things.

"So I think I'll go off and look for more adventures," he said to himself. One morning he was all ready to go.

"Good-bye, Nurse Jane! Good-bye!" he called to his muskrat lady housekeeper with whom he lived in a hollow stump bungalow in the woods. "I'm off!" and he hopped down the front steps with his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch under his paw, and his tall silk hat on his head. "Good-bye, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy!"

"Good-bye," answered Nurse Jane, "and I hope you have a nice adventure."

"Thanks, I wish you the same," answered Uncle Wiggily, and away he went over the fields and through the woods. He had not hopped very far, looking this way and that, before, all of a sudden, he came to a queer little place, near an old rail fence. Down in one corner was a hole, partly underground.

"Ha! That's queer," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. "That looks just like the kind of an underground house, or burrow, where I used to live. I wonder if this can be where I made my home before I moved to the hollow stump bungalow? I must take a look. Nurse Jane would like to hear all about it."

So Uncle Wiggily, folding back his ears in order that they would not get bent over and broken, began crawling down the rabbit hole, for that is what it really was.

It was dark inside, but the bunny uncle did not mind that, being able to see in the dark. Besides, he could make his pink nose twinkle when he wanted to, and this gave almost as much light as a firefly.

"No, this isn't the burrow where I used to live," said Uncle Wiggily to himself, when he

had hopped quite a distance into the hole. "But it's very nice. Perhaps I may have an adventure here. Who knows?"

And just as he said that to himself, Uncle Wiggily saw, lying under a little table, in what seemed to be a room of the underground house, a small glass box.

"Ha! My adventure begins!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I'll open that glass box and see what is in it."

So the bunny uncle raised the cover, and in the glass box was a little cake, made of carrots and cabbage, and on top, spelled out in pink raisins, were the words:

"EAT ME!"

"Ha! That's just what I'll do!" cried jolly Uncle Wiggily, and, never stopping to think anything might be wrong, the bunny gentleman ate the cake. And then, all of a sudden, he began to feel very funny.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I hope that cake didn't belong to my nephew, Sammie Littletail, or Johnnie or Billie Bushy-tail, the squirrel brothers. One of them may

have lost it out of his lunch basket on his way to school. I hope it wasn't any of their cake. But there is surely something funny about it, for I feel so very queer!"

And no wonder! For Uncle Wiggily had suddenly begun to grow very large. His ears grew taller, so that they lifted his tall silk hat right off his head. His legs seemed as long as bean poles, and as for his whiskers and pink, twinkling nose, they seemed so far away from his eyes that he wondered if he would ever get them near enough to see to comb the one, or scratch the other when it felt ticklish.

"This is certainly remarkable!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I wonder what made me grow so large all of a sudden? Could it have been the cake which gave me the indys-pepsia?"

"It was the cake!" cried a sudden and buzzing voice, and, looking around the hole Uncle Wiggily saw a big mosquito. "It was the cake that made you grow big," went on the bad biting bug, "and I put it here for you to eat."

"What for?" asked the bunny uncle, puzzled like.

"So you would grow so big that you couldn't get out of this hole," was the answer. "And now you can't! This is how I have caught you! Ha! Ha!" and the mosquito buzzed a most unpleasant laugh.

"Oh, dear!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "I wonder if I am caught? Can't I get out as I got in?"

Quickly he hopped to the front of the hole. But alas! Likewise sorrowfulness! He had grown so big from eating the magical cake that he could not possibly squeeze out of the hole through which he had crawled into the underground burrow.

"Now I have caught you!" cried the mosquito. "Since we could not catch you at your soldier tent or in the trenches near your hollow stump bungalow, I thought of this way. Now we have you and we'll bite you!" and the big mosquito, who with his bad friends had dug the hole on purpose to get Uncle Wiggily in a trap, began to play a bugle tune on his wings to call the other biting bugs.

"Oh, dear!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "I guess I am caught! And I haven't my talcum powder pop gun that shoots beanbag bullets! Oh, if I could only get out of here!"

"You can get out, Uncle Wiggily," said a soft little voice down toward the end of his pink, twinkling nose. "You can get out!"

"Oh, no, I can't!" the bunny said. "I am much too large to squeeze out of the hole by which I came in here. Much too large. Oh, dear!"

"Here, drink some of this and you'll grow small just as I did when I drank from it before I fell into the pool of tears," the soft and gentle voice went on, and to Uncle Wiggily's surprise, there stood a nice little girl with long, flaxen hair. She was holding out to him a bottle with a tag that read:

"DRINK ME."

"Am I really to drink this?" asked the bunny.

"You are," said the little girl.

Uncle Wiggily took a long drink from the bottle. It tasted like lollypop ice cream soda, and no sooner had he taken a good sip than

all of a sudden he found himself shutting up small, like a telescope. Smaller and smaller he shrank, until he was his own regular size, and then the little girl took him by the paw and cried:

“Come on! Now you can get out!”

And, surely enough, Uncle Wiggily could.

“But who are you?” he asked the little girl.

“Oh! I’m Alice from Wonderland,” she said, “and I know you very well, though you never met me before. I’m in a book, but this is my holiday, so I came out. Come on, now, before the mosquitoes catch us! We’ll have a lot of funny adventures with some friends of mine. Come on!” And away ran Uncle Wiggily with Wonderland Alice, who had saved him from being bitten. So everything came out all right, you see.

And if the teacup doesn’t lose its handle and try to do a foxtrot waltz with the soup tureen, I’ll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the March Hare.

CHAPTER II

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE MARCH HARE

“Well, Uncle Wiggily, you certainly did have quite a time, didn’t you,” said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady house-keeper for the rabbit gentleman as they both sat on the porch of the hollow stump bungalow one morning. It was the day after the bunny rabbit had been caught in the mosquito hole, where he swelled up too big to get out, after eating cake from the glass box, as I told you in the first story.

Then Alice from Wonderland happened along and gave Uncle Wiggily a drink from a magical little bottle so that he grew small enough to crawl out of the hole again.

“Yes, I had a wonderful time with Alice,” said the rabbit gentleman. “It was quite an adventure.”

“What do you s’pose was in the cake to make you swell up so large?” asked Nurse Jane.

"Cream puffs," answered Uncle Wiggily, "They're very swell-like, you know."

"Of course," agreed Nurse Jane. "And what was in the bottle to make you grow smaller?"

"Alum water," Uncle Wiggily made reply. "That's very shrinking, you know, and puckery."

"Of course," spoke Nurse Jane again, "I might have guessed it. Now I suppose you're off again?"

"Off to have another adventure," went on Uncle Wiggily, with a jolly laugh. "I hope I meet Alice again. I wonder where she lives?"

"Why, she's out of a book," said Nurse Jane. "I used to read about her to Sammie Littletail, when he was quite a little rabbit chap."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said Uncle Wiggily. "Alice from Wonderland is like Mother Goose, Sinbad the Sailor and my other Arabian Night friends. Well, I hope I meet some of them and have another adventure now," and away he hopped down the front steps of

his bungalow as spry as though he never had had the rheumatism.

The bad mosquitoes that used to live over in the swamp had gone away on their summer vacation, and so they did not bother the bunny rabbit just at present. He no longer had to practice being a soldier and stand on guard against them.

Pretty soon, as Uncle Wiggily hopped along, he came to a little place in the woods, all set around with green trees, and in the center was a large doll's tea table, all ready for a meal.

"Ha! This looks like an adventure already!" said the bunny uncle to himself. "And there's a party," he went on, as he saw the little girl named Alice, a March Hare (which is a sort of spring rabbit), a hatter man, with a very large hat, much larger than Uncle Wiggily's, on his head, and a dormouse. A dormouse (or doormouse) is one that crawls out under a door, you know, to get away from the cat.

"Oh, here's Uncle Wiggily!" cried Alice.

"Come right along and sit down. We didn't expect you!"

"Then if I'm unexpected, perhaps there isn't room for me," spoke Uncle Wiggily, looking at the March Hare.

"Oh, yes, there's plenty of room—more room than there is to eat," said the spring rabbit. "Besides, we really knew you were coming."

As this was just different from what Alice had said, Uncle Wiggily did not know what to believe.

"You see, it's the unexpected that always happens," went on the March Hare, "and, of course, being unexpected, you happened along, so we're glad to see you."

"Only there isn't anything to eat," said Alice. "You see, the Hatter's watch only keeps one kind of time—"

"That's what I do when I dance," interrupted Uncle Wiggily.

"We haven't come to that yet," Alice spoke gently. "But as the Hatter's watch only keeps tea-time we're always at the tea table, and the cake and tea were eaten long ago."

“And we always have to sit here, hoping the Hatter’s watch will start off again, and bring us to breakfast or dinner on time,” said the March Hare, who, Uncle Wiggily noticed, began to look rather mad and angry. “He’s greased it with the best butter, but still his watch has stopped,” the hare added.

“It’s on account of the hard crumbs that got in the wheels,” said the Hatter, dipping his watch in the cream pitcher. “I dare say they’ll get soaked in time. But pass Uncle Wiggily the buns,” he added, and Alice passed an empty plate which once had dog biscuits on, only Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow had eaten them all up—I should say down, for they swallowed them that way.

Uncle Wiggily was beginning to think this was a very queer tea party indeed, when, all of sudden, out from the bushes jumped a great, big, pink-striped Wabberjocky cat, who began singing:

“London Bridge is falling up,
On Yankee Doodle Dandy!
As we go ’round the mulberry bush
To buy a stick of candy.”

"Well, what do you want?" asked the Mad March Hare of the Wabberjocky. "If you've come to wash the dishes you can't, for it's still tea time and it never will be anything else as long as he keeps dipping his watch in the molasses jug! That's what makes it so sticky-slow," and he tossed a tea biscuit at the Hatter, who caught it in his hat, just like a magician in the theater, and turned it into a lemon meringue pie.

"I've come for Uncle Wiggily!" cried the Wabberjocky. "I've come to take him off to my den, and then—"

Uncle Wiggily was just going to hide under the table, which he noticed was growing smaller and smaller, and he was wondering if it would be large enough to cover him, when—

All of a sudden the Mad March Hare caught up the bunny uncle's red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, and cried:

"You've come for Uncle Wiggily, have you? Well, we've no time for that!" and with this the March Hare smashed the crutch

down on the Hatter's watch, "Bang!" breaking it all to pieces!

"There, I guess it'll go now!" cried the March Hare, and indeed the wheels of the watch went spinning while the spring suddenly uncurled, and one end, catching around Uncle Wiggily's left hind leg, flew out and tossed him safely away over the trees, until he fell down on his soft soldier tent, right in front of his own hollow stump bungalow. So he was saved from the Wabberjocky.

"Well! That was an adventure!" cried the bunny uncle. "I wonder what happened to the rest of them? I must find out." And if the laundry man doesn't let the plumber take the bath tub away for the gold fish to play tag in, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Cheshire Cat.

CHAPTER III

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CHESHIRE CAT

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods one day, wondering what sort of an adventure he would have, and he was thinking about Alice in Wonderland and what a queer tea party he had been to the day before, when the Mad March Hare smashed the Hatter's watch because the hands always stayed at 5 o'clock tea time.

"If anything like that is going to happen to me today," said the bunny uncle to himself, "I ought to have brought Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy along, so she could enjoy the fun. I'll just hop along and if anything queer starts I'll go back after her."

So he went on a little farther, and, all of a sudden, he saw, lying on the woodland path, a piece of cheese.

"Ha!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I wonder if Jollie or Jillie Longtail, the mouse children,

dropped that out of their trap? I'll take it to them, I guess."

He picked up the bit of cheese, thinking how glad the mousie boy and girl would be to have it back, when, all at once, he heard behind him a voice asking:

"Oh, did you find it? I'm so glad, thank you!" and from under a bush out stepped a cat wearing a large smile on the front of its face. The cat stretched out its claw and took the bit of cheese from Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh! Is that yours?" asked the bunny gentleman, in surprise.

"It's Cheshire cheese; isn't it?" asked the cat.

"I—I believe so," answered the bunny. "Yes," he added as he looked and made sure, "it is Cheshire cheese."

"Then, as I'm the Cheshire cat it's mine. Cheshire cat meet your cheese! Cheese, meet your cat! How do you do? So glad to see you!" and the cat shook paws with the cheese just as if Uncle Wiggily had introduced them.

"I dare say it's all right," went on the bunny uncle.

"Of course it is!" laughed the cat, smiling more than ever. "I'm so glad you found my cheese. I was afraid the March Hare had taken it for that silly 5 o'clock tea party. But I'm glad he didn't. At first I took you for the March Hare. You look like him, being a rabbit."

"My birthday is not in March, it is in April," said Uncle Wiggily, bowing.

"That's better," spoke the Cheshire cat. "You have done me a great favor by finding my cheese, and I hope to be able to do you one some day."

"Pray do not mention it," spoke the bunny uncle, modest like and shy, as he always was. He was just going to ask about Alice in Wonderland when the cat ran away with the cheese.

"Never mind," thought Uncle Wiggily. "That was the beginning of an adventure, anyhow. I wonder what the next part will be?" He did not have long to wait.

All of a sudden, as he was walking along

through the woods, sort of leaning on his red, white and blue striped barber pole rheumatism crutch, there was a rustling in the bushes and out popped a whole lot of hungry rats.

"Ah, there IT is!" cried one rat, seizing hold of Uncle Wiggily by his ears.

"Yes, and just in time, too!" cried another, grabbing the bunny by his paws. "Into our den with IT before the mouse trap comes along and takes IT away from us!"

With that the rats, of which there were about five hundred and sixteen, began hustling Uncle Wiggily down a hole in the ground, and the first he knew they had him inside a wooden room in an underground house and they locked the door, taking the key out.

"What does this mean?" cried the bunny uncle. "Why do you treat me this way?"

"Why, IT can speak!" cried several of the rats, in surprise.

"Of course I can!" cried Uncle Wiggily, his pink nose twinkling. "But why do you call me IT?"

"Because you are a piece of cheese," said one rat, "and we always call cheese IT."

"Cheese? I, cheese?" asked astonished Uncle Wiggily.

"Of course," cried the biggest rat of all. "You're Cheshire cheese. Why, you perfume the whole room! We're so hungry for you. We thought the grocer had forgotten to send you. But it's all right now. Oh, what a delightful meal we shall have. We love Cheshire cheese," and the rats in the room with Mr. Longears looked very hungrily at the bunny uncle—very hungrily indeed.

"Oh, what shall I do?" thought Uncle Wiggily. "I see what has happened. When I picked up the Cheshire cat's piece of Cheshire cheese some of the perfume from it must have stuck to my paws. The rats smelled that and think I'm it. IT!" murmured the bunny gentleman. "As if I were a game of tag! IT!"

The rats in the locked room were very busy, getting out their cheese knives and plates, and poor Uncle Wiggily hardly knew what to do with this most unpleasant adventure hap-

pening to him, when, all of a sudden, right in the middle of the room, there appeared a big, smiling mouth, with a cheerful grin spread all over it. Just a smile it was, and nothing more.

“Oh!” cried Uncle Wiggily in surprise. “Oh!”

With that all the rats looked up and, seeing the smile, one exclaimed:

“I smell a cat! Oh, woe is me! I smell a cat!”

Then, all of a sudden the smile grew larger and larger. Then a nose seemed to grow out of nothing, then some whiskers, then a pair of blazing eyes, and then ears—a head, legs, claws and a body, and finally there stood the Cheshire cat in the midst of the rats.

“Scat, rats,” meaowed the Cheshire cat. “Scat!”

“How did you get in here?” asked one rat.

“Yes, tell us!” ordered another. “How did you get in past the locked door?”

“Through the keyhole,” said the Cheshire cat. “I sent my smile in first, and then it was easy for my body to follow. Now you scat

and leave Uncle Wiggily alone!" and with that the cat grinned larger than ever, showing such sharp teeth that the rats quickly unlocked the door and ran away, leaving the bunny uncle quite safe.

"Alice in Wonderland, most magically knew of the trouble you were in," said the Cheshire cat, "so she sent me to help you, which I was glad to do, as you had helped me. My Cheshire cheese, that you found for me when I had lost it, was very good!"

Then Uncle Wiggily hopped back to his bungalow, and the cat went to see Alice; and if the paper cutter doesn't slice the bread board all up into pieces of cake for the puppy dog's party, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Dormouse.

CHAPTER IV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE DORMOUSE

"Tap! Tap! Tap!" came a knock on the door of the hollow stump bungalow one morning. Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman who lived in the woods, called out:

"Please come in!"

In hopped Dickie Chip-Chip, the sparrow boy postchap, with a letter for the bunny gentleman.

"Ha! That's nice!" explained Uncle Wiggily as he took the envelope. "I hope it's a valentine!"

"A valentine this time of year!" laughed Dickie. "This is June, Uncle Wiggily!"

"Oh, so it is. However, I'll read it." And when Dickie flew on to deliver the rest of his letters Uncle Wiggily read his own. It was very short, and said:

"If you want a new hat, come to the green meadow as soon as you read this."

"Ha; If I want a new hat!" thought the bunny uncle. "Well, I do need one. But who knew that I did? This is very strange and mysterious. Ha! I have it! This must be from Alice in Wonderland. She is giving me a little surprise."

So, telling Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, that he was going out to get a new hat, away hopped Uncle Wiggily, over the fields and through the woods until he came to the green meadow.

In the middle of the meadow was a little grove of trees, and half way there Uncle Wiggily heard a sad little voice saying:

"Oh, dear! What trouble I'm in!"

"Trouble!" cried the bunny gentleman twinkling his pink nose. "Ha! That sounds like old times! Let me help some one. But who is it?"

"It is I. The little Dormouse," was the answer, and, looking down, Uncle Wiggily saw the tiny creature who had been at the queer tea party when the Mad March Hare smashed the Hatter's 5 o'clock watch.

The tail of the poor little Dormouse was

caught fast in between two stones and she could not move, but Uncle Wiggily quickly loosened it for her and she was very thankful to get out.

"I was afraid I'd be late," said the Dormouse. "I have to hurry on to help the Queen of Hearts put sugared cheese on the blackberry tarts for the King's birthday. I'll see you again, Uncle Wiggily."

"I hope so," spoke the bunny uncle, as he hurried away to get his new hat, all the while wondering whether or not he would see Alice from Wonderland.

Uncle Wiggily reached the green meadow trees, but no one else was there. He looked up and down, and all around, but there was not even an old hat in sight, to say nothing of a new one.

"I wonder if this letter is an April fool joke?" thought the bunny uncle, taking from his pocket the envelope Dickie had given him. "No, if it's the month of June it can't be April Fool's Day, any more than it can be time for valentines," said the bunny. "But I wonder where my hat is?"

Hardly had Uncle Wiggily said this, out loud, than, all of a sudden, a voice cried:

“Here’s your hat!”

With that something seemed to drop down from the clouds, or maybe it was from one of the trees. But whatever it was it completely covered Uncle Wiggily out of sight. It was just as if you took a large bowl and turned it upside down over a grasshopper, only, of course, Uncle Wiggily was not a grasshopper, though he did jump around a lot.

And, at first, in the sudden darkness, the rabbit gentleman thought it was a bowl that, perhaps, the circus elephant’s little boy had turned over on him just for fun.

Then, making his pink nose twinkle very fast, so that it shone in the dark like a firefly lantern, Uncle Wiggily was able to see that he was inside a large, tall, silk hat. When it had dropped over him it had shut out all the sunlight, making it quite dark inside where the bunny was.

“Yes, this is a hat!” said Uncle Wiggily to himself. “But what a funny way to give it to me! And it’s so large! Instead of my new

hat going outside my head, my head is inside the hat. This will never do! I must get out and see what the trouble is. This must be the elephant's hat, it's so large."

But when Uncle Wiggily tried to lift up one edge of the hat, to crawl out, he found he could not. Some one seemed to be sitting on top of the hat, which was shaped like the silk stovepipe one Uncle Wiggily always wore. And a voice cried:

"Hold it tight and he can't get out!"

"Oh, I'm holding it tight!" was the answer.

Then Uncle Wiggily knew what had happened. Some one had played a sad trick on him. And it was two bad old skillery-scalery alligators. They had borrowed the Wonderland Hatter's hat—which was very large. Nor had they told the Hatter what they wanted of it, for if they had he never would have let them borrow it to make trouble for Uncle Wiggily.

The alligators had climbed up the tree with the big hat, and, after sending Uncle Wiggily the note, they had waited until he came to the field. Then from the branches above they

dropped the hat down over him and sat on it.

"And I can't get out!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "That's the worst of it! I can't get out, and those bad alligators will reach under and grab me and—"

"No they won't!" cried a little squeaky voice down low on the ground, just outside the hat.

"Why not?" asked Uncle Wiggily, hopeful like.

"Because I am the Dormouse whom you helped," was the answer. "Now, listen! With my sharp teeth I am going to cut a door in the side of the hat where the alligators, sitting up on top, can't see it. Then you can get out."

So the Dormouse, being made for just such work, as you can tell by its name, gnawed a door in the side of the Hatter's hat, and out crawled the bunny rabbit gentleman before the alligators could grab him. And the bunny and the Dormouse got safely away, Mr. Long-ears being very thankful, indeed, for having been helped by the little creature.

So the alligators had nothing for dinner

but stewed pears, and if our dog doesn't leave his tail on the wrong side of the fence, so the cat can use it for a dusting brush, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Gryphon.

CHAPTER V

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE GRYPHON

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice rabbit gentleman, had just finished shaving his whiskers in his hollow stump bungalow one morning when Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, came to his door, knocked gently by flapping her tail against it, and said:

"If you please, Mr. Longears, there's a young lady to see you."

"Of course I'm pleased," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I always like to see young ladies, especially if they have light, fluffy hair. Has this one that kind?"

"Very much so," answered Nurse Jane. "Here she is now," and with that in came a nice young lady, or, rather, a tall girl, with flaxen hair.

"I'm afraid you don't remember me," she said, as Uncle Wiggily wiped the soap lather

off the end of his pink, twinkling nose, where it had splashed by mistake, making it look like part of a frosted chocolate cake.

"Oh, yes, I do remember you!" cried the bunny gentleman, in his most jolly voice. "You're Alice from Wonderland, and you were very kind to help me grow smaller that time the big mosquito got me into his cave and I swelled up from eating cake."

"Oh, I'm so glad you remember me!" laughed Alice, for it was indeed she. "I've come to ask you to do me a bit of a favor. I have to go see the Gryphon, and I thought maybe you'd come with me, for I'm afraid he'll be real cross to me."

"You have to go see the Gryphon?" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Who in the world is he?"

"Oh, he's a funny animal who lives in the same story book with me," explained Alice. "He's something between a dragon, a lion, an elephant, a flying fish and an alligator."

"Whew!" whistled Uncle Wiggily. "He must be a curious creature!"

"He is," Alice said, "And sometimes he's

very cross, especially if the wind blows his veil up."

"If the wind blows his veil up?" asked Uncle Wiggily "In the first place, why does he wear a veil, and in the second place, why should he be angry if the wind blows it?"

"There isn't any first or second place about it," spoke Alice, "for you never can tell in which place the Gryphon will be found. But he wears a veil because he is so ugly that every one runs away when one sees him, and he doesn't like that. And, of course, he doesn't like the wind to blow up his veil so folks can see how he really looks."

"Ah, ha! I understand," remarked the bunny. "But if he is so cross why do you want to go to see him?"

"I don't want to," replied Alice, "but I have to, because it's that way in the book. You see, to make everything come out right, the Gryphon takes me to the Mock Turtle, who tells me a funny story, and so now I've come to see if you'll take me to the Gryphon?"

"I will," promised Uncle Wiggily, washing

the soap lather out of his ears. "But where shall we find him?"

"Oh, that's the question!" laughed Alice, just as though Uncle Wiggily had asked a riddle. "You have three guesses," she went on.

The bunny gentleman twinkled his pink nose, so that he might think better, and then he said:

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go for a walk, and make believe I'm looking for an adventure. Then I may find the Gryphon for you."

"Fine!" cried Alice, and, Uncle Wiggily having finished shaving, he and Alice set out together over the fields and through the wood, her hand holding the bunny's paw.

"Now we must keep a sharp watch for the Gryphon," said Alice, who had had so many adventures in Wonderland that it took a whole book to tell of them. "You never know whether he'll appear like an elephant, a dragon, a lion or a big bird, for he has wings," she said.

"Has he, indeed?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Then I think I hear him coming now," he went on. "Listen, do you hear the buzzing?" And, surely enough, the air seemed filled with the buzzing and fluttering of wings. And then the sun appeared to be hidden by a cloud.

"That must be the Gryphon," said Uncle Wiggily.

Alice looked, and then she cried:

"Oh, no! It's a big cloud of bad, biting mosquitoes. It is the buzzing of their wings we hear! Oh, Uncle Wiggily, you haven't your talcum powder bean-shooter gun with you, and here come a billion-million mosquitoes!"

"That's right!" cried the bunny uncle, as he, too, saw them. "We must hide or they will bite even our shoes off!"

So he and Alice looked for a place to hide, but there was none, and the buzzing mosquitoes cried:

"Ah, ha! Now we have that Uncle Wiggily Longears rabbit. He can't get away now, for he isn't a soldier today! And we'll get Alice from Wonderland, too!"

Well, the mosquitoes were just going to grab the bunny gentleman, and the nice little young lady girl, with the fluffy flaxen hair, when a voice out of the air cried:

“Oh, ho! No you’re not going to get them, either!”

“Who says we are not?” asked the captain mosquito.

“I do!”

“And who are you?”

“I am the Gryphon!” was the answer. “And I have on my mosquito net veil. I’ll catch all you bad biting bugs in my net, just as a professor catches butterflies. Whoop! Swoop! Here I come!”

And with that the Gryphon, raising his veil, which hung down from his big ears as from around a lady’s big hat, made a net of it and, flying around, soon caught all the mosquitoes that would have bitten Uncle Wiggily and Alice.

And the mosquitoes that were not caught were so frightened at the fierce look on the Gryphon’s face that they fainted, and

couldn't bite even as much as a spoonful of mustard.

So the Gryphon drove the mosquitoes away and then he took Alice to see the Mock Turtle, while Uncle Wiggily hopped on home to his bungalow. And if the rubber doll doesn't bounce off the clothes horse when she rides to the candy store for some cornstarch pudding, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the blue caterpillar.

CHAPTER VI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CATERPILLAR

"Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" called Alice from Wonderland as she stood one day just outside the hollow stump bungalow where the rabbit gentleman had just finished his breakfast of carrot oatmeal with parsnip sauce sprinkled over the top.

"Do you want to come for another walk with me?" asked Alice as she ran up the bungalow front steps.

"Are you going to have the Gryphon take you to the Mock Turtle again?" the bunny gentleman wanted to know. "If you are, I'll bring my talcum powder gun along this time, to keep away the mosquitoes."

"No. I don't have to see the Gryphon to-day," replied Wonderland Alice with a laugh. "But the Duchess has sent me to find the Blue Caterpillar."

"The Duchess has sent you to find the Blue Caterpillar?" questioned Uncle Wiggily,

wondering if he had heard rightly. "But who is the Duchess?"

"Oh, she's some relation to the Queen of Hearts," Alice answered. "She's in the book with me, the Duchess is. In the book-picture she always has a lot of trimming on her big hat, and she doesn't care whether or not she holds the baby upside down."

"Oh, yes, now I remember," Uncle Wiggily said, laughing as he thought of the baby. "And now about the Blue Caterpillar?"

"Oh, he's a sort of long, fuzzy bug, who sits on a toadstool smoking a pipe," explained Alice. "The Duchess wants him to come and smoke some hams for her."

"Smoke hams!" cried the bunny rabbit. "Why the very idonical idea! I've heard of men smoking tobacco—but hams—"

"Oh, you don't smoke hams in a pipe," said Alice with a laugh. "They take a ham before it is cooked, and hang it up in a cloud of smoke, or blow smoke on it, or do something to it with smoke, so it will dry and keep longer."

"What do they want to keep it for?" asked

Uncle Wiggily. "I thought ham was to eat, with eggs."

"Oh, dear!" laughed Alice. "I wish you wouldn't ask me so many questions. You're like the Dormouse, or the Cheshire Cheese Cat or the Hatter. They were always asking the curiosestest questions like 'Who threw stones at the cherry tree?' or 'How did the soft egg get inside the hard shell without cracking it?' All things like that. I can't answer them!"

"Very well," said Uncle Wiggily, smiling at Alice. "I'll not ask you any more questions. Come on! We'll go find the Blue Caterpillar."

So off they started, the bunny rabbit gentleman and Wonderland Alice who had a day's vacation from the book with her name on it. Now and then she could slip out of the book covers and go off to have a real adventure with Uncle Wiggily.

The bunny uncle and the little girl with the pretty, flaxen hair had not gone very far over the fields and through the woods before, all of a sudden, as they were walking under

some trees, something long and twisty and rubbery, like a big fire hose, reached out and grabbed them.

"Oh, my!" cried Alice, trying to get loose, which she could not do. "A big snake has us!"

"No," said Uncle Wiggily, looking around as best he could, for he, too, was held fast as was Alice. "This isn't a snake."

"What is it?" asked Alice.

"It's a bad circus elephant," said the bunny, "and he has caught us in his trunk. Oh, dear! Please let us go!" he begged the big animal.

"No," sadly answered the circus elephant, for it was indeed he. "I can't let you go, for if I do they will all sit on my back and bite me."

"Who will?" asked Uncle Wiggily, curious like.

"The mosquitoes," was the answer. "You see they have tried in so many ways to catch you, and haven't done it, Uncle Wiggily, that they finally came to me. About a million billion of them swarmed around me, and they

said they'd bite me until I had the shivers if I did not help them catch you. So I had to promise that I would, though I did not want to, for I like you, Uncle Wiggily.

"If I hadn't promised, though, the mosquitoes would have bitten me, and though I seem to have a very thick skin I am very tender, not to say ticklish, when it comes to mosquito bites. So I hid here to catch you, and I'll have to hold you until the mosquitoes come to get you. I'm very sorry!" and the elephant wound his rubbery nose of a trunk still more tightly around Uncle Wiggily and Alice.

"Oh, dear!" said Alice. "What shall we do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered the bunny. "This is quite too bad. If only the Blue Caterpillar—"

"Hush!" exclaimed a fuzzy voice down in the grass near the elephant's left front foot. "Don't say a word. I'll help you," and along came crawling a big Blue Caterpillar, with a folded toadstool umbrella and a long-stemmed pipe on his back.

"That elephant is very ticklish," said the Blue Caterpillar. "Watch me make him squirm. And when he squirms he'll have to uncurl his trunk to scratch himself, and when he does that—"

"We'll get away!" whispered Uncle Wiggily.

"Exactly!" said the Blue Caterpillar. So he crawled up the elephant's leg, and tickled the big animal on its ear.

"Oh, dear!" cried the elephant, "How itchy I am!" and he uncurled his trunk to scratch himself, and then Uncle Wiggily and Alice could run away safely, and the mosquitoes didn't get them after all. Then Alice told the Blue Caterpillar about the Duchess wanting the hams smoked and the crawling creature said he'd attend to it, and puff smoke on them from his pipe.

So everything came out all right, I'm glad to say, and if the starch doesn't all come out of the collar so it has to lie down instead of standing up straight at the moving picture show, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Hatter.

CHAPTER VII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE HATTER

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" called Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as Mr. Longears, the rabbit gentleman, started to hop out of his hollow stump bungalow one morning. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily!"

"Well, what is it?" asked the bunny with a polite bow. "Do you want anything from the store?"

"Some carrot coffee, if you please," answered the muskrat lady. "When you finish your walk, and have had a nice adventure, bring home some coffee."

"I'll do it," promised Uncle Wiggily, and then, as he hopped along, over the fields and through the woods, he thought perhaps he had better buy the carrot coffee first.

"For," said he to himself, "I might have such a funny adventure that I'd forget all about what Nurse Jane told me."

Now you just wait and see what happens, if you please.

It did not take the bunny long to get the coffee; the monkey doodle gentleman who kept the store wrapping it up for him in a paper that had been twisted around a lollypop candy.

"It's a bit sticky and sweet," said the monkey doodle store keeper, speaking of the lollypop paper, "but that will stop the coffee from falling out."

"Fine!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, and then he hopped on to look for an adventure. He had not gone very far before when, all of a sudden, he heard a voice saying:

"Well, I don't know what to do about it, that's all! I never saw such trouble! The idea of wanting me to get ready for it this time of day!"

"Ha! Trouble!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "This is where I come in. What is it you can't get ready for this time of day, and who are you?" asked the bunny, for he saw no one.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" called a voice, and out from under a mulberry bush stepped a little

man, with such a large hat that it covered him from head to foot.

"Oh, excuse me," said Uncle Wiggily. "You are—"

"The Hatter! Exactly! You have guessed it," said the little man, opening a window which was cut in the side of his hat. The window was just opposite his face, which was inside, so he could look out at the bunny gentleman.

"I'm the Hatter, from 'Alice in Wonderland,'" went on the little man. The bunny hadn't quite really guessed it, though he might if he had had time.

"And what is the trouble?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, I've just been ordered by the Queen of Hearts to get up a tea party right away for Alice, who is expected any minute," went on the Hatter. "And here it is 10 o'clock in the morning, and the tea's at 5, and I haven't even started."

"You have lots of time," said Uncle Wiggily. "Hours and hours."

"Yes, but I haven't the tea!" cried the Hat-

ter. "Don't mind me, but I'm as mad—as mad as—as lollypops, and there's nothing madder than them!" he said, sort of grinding his teeth. This grinding made Uncle Wiggily think of the coffee in his pocket. So, holding out the package, he said:

"I don't s'pose this would do, would it?"

"What?" asked the Hatter.

"It's coffee," went on the bunny, "but—"

"The very thing!" cried the Hatter, who was now smiling. "It will be just the thing for the 5 o'clock tea. We'll have it right here—I'll set the table," and opening two little doors lower down in his big hat, he stuck his arms through them and began brushing off a broad, flat stump near Uncle Wiggily.

"The stump will do for a table," said the Hatter. "This is great, Uncle Wiggily! We'll have tea for Alice after all, and make things happen as they do in the book. Don't mind me saying I was as mad as lollypops. I have to be mad—make believe, you know—or things won't come out right."

"I see," said Uncle Wiggily, remembering that it was quite stylish to be "as mad as a

hatter," though he never before knew what it meant. "But you see, my dear sir," the rabbit went on, "I have only coffee to give you, and not tea."

"It doesn't matter," said the Hatter. "I'll boil it in a cocoanut shell, and it will do her very well," and with that he took out, from somewhere inside his hat, half a cocoanut shell. This he set on top of the stump on a little three-legged stool, and built a fire under it.

"But you need water to make coffee—I mean tea," said Uncle Wiggily.

"I have it!" cried the Hatter, and, picking up an umbrella plant growing near by, he squeezed some water from it into the cocoanut shell kettle.

Uncle Wiggily poured some of the ground coffee into the cocoanut shell of umbrella water, which was now boiling, and then the bunny exclaimed:

"But we have no sugar!"

"We'll sweeten it with the paper that came off the lollypop," said the Hatter, tearing off a bit of it and tossing it into the tea-coffee.

“What about milk?” asked Uncle Wiggily. “Alice may want cream in her coffee—I mean tea.”

“Here we are!” cried the Hatter.

With that he picked a leaf from a milkweed plant growing near the flat stump and from that he squeezed out some drops of milk into a cup he made from a Jack-in-the-pulpit flower.

“Now we’re all ready for 5 o’clock tea!” cried the Hatter, and just then along came Alice from Wonderland, with the March Hare, and they sat down to the stump table with Uncle Wiggily, who happened to have a piece of cherry pie in his pocket, so they had a nice little lunch after all. And the carrot coffee with milkweed cream in it, tasted like catnip tea, so everything came out all right.

And if the white shoes don’t go down in the coal bin to play with the fire shovel and freeze their toes so they can’t parade on the Board Walk, I’ll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Duchess.

CHAPTER VIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE DUCHESS

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods one day, looking for an adventure, when, all of a sudden, he came to a door standing up between two trees. It was a regular door, with a knob, hinges and all, but the funny part of it was there didn't seem to be a room on either side of it.

"This is remarkable!" exclaimed Wiggily, "remarkable" meaning the same thing as queer. "It is very odd! Here is a door and the jamb—"

"Where's the jamb?" asked a little katydid, who was sitting on a leaf in the sun. "I'm very fond of jam."

"I didn't say j-a-m—the kind you eat on bread," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I was talking about the j-a-m-b—with a b—"

"Bees make honey," said the katydid, "and honey's almost as good as jam. I'm not so



fussy as all that. Jam or honey—honey or jam, it's all the same to me.”

“No, there isn't any honey, either,” said the bunny. “The jamb of the door is the wooden frame that goes around it, to hold it in place.”

“Then I don't want any door jamb—I want bread and jam,” said the katydid, hopping off to find her sister, Katydidn't, leaving Uncle Wiggily to stare at the lone door.

“Well,” said the rabbit gentleman to himself, “I may as well see what's on the other side. Though a door standing all by itself in the woods is the strangest thing I've ever seen.”

However, he turned the knob, opened the door and stepped through, and, to his surprise, he found himself in a big kitchen which seemed magically to have appeared the moment he entered the very surprising place. At one end was a big stove, with a hot fire in it, and on the stove was a boiling kettle of soup, which was being stirred by a big fat cook lady, who was shaped like a ham, without the string in the end, of course. For the

cook could stand up and didn't need to be hung on a nail as a ham is hung before it's cooked.

In front of the fire was another large lady with a bonnet on almost as big as the Hatter's hat. Over the bonnet was a fluffy, flowing veil.

"Now please be quiet—do!" exclaimed the sitting down lady to something in her lap, and Uncle Wiggily saw that it was a baby. "Come, cook!" she cried. "Is that hot soup ready yet for the baby?"

"Not yet, mum. But it soon will be," answered the cook, and Uncle Wiggily was just going to say something about not giving a little baby hot soup, when the door opened again, and in came Alice from Wonderland.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here, Uncle Wiggily!" cried Alice. "Now it will be all right."

"What will?" asked the bunny. "What will be right?"

"My left shoe," said Alice. "You see I just came from the Pool of Tears, and everything got all mixed up. When I came out I had two left shoes instead of one being a right, but

now you are here it's all right—I mean one is right and the other is left, as it should be,” and with that Alice put on one shoe she had been carrying in her hand, and smiled.

“But who is this?” asked Uncle Wiggily, pointing with his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch at the big lady holding the baby, which was now squirming like an angle worm.

“It's the Duchess—a friend of the Queen of Hearts,” answered Alice. “I'll introduce you to her in a minute. Are you fond of sneezing?”

“Only when I have a cold,” answered Uncle Wiggily. “Why do you ask?” and he began to think he was having a very funny adventure indeed. “Why should I be fond of sneezing?”

“Because you'll have to whether you like it or not,” answered Alice. “The Duchess is going to talcum powder the baby now—it's just had a bath.”

With that the duchess, who is the wife of a duke, you know, called:

“Here, cook! Never mind the soup. Give me the pepper!”

“Goodness me sakes alive and some horse-radish lollypops!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “She isn’t going to talcum powder the baby with pepper, is she?”

“Of course,” answered Alice. “It’s that way in the book from which I came to have an adventure with you, so, of course, pepper it has to be. Look out—here come the sneezes!” and Alice got out her handkerchief.

Uncle Wiggily saw the duchess, with a funny smile on her big face, take the pepper-box the cook gave her and start to sprinkle the black stuff over the baby in her lap. The baby was cooing and gurgling—as all babies do after their bath—and didn’t seem at all to mind her being peppered.

“They season chickens and turkeys with salt and pepper, so why not babies?” asked Alice of Uncle Wiggily. The bunny gentleman was just going to say he did not know the answer to that riddle, when the door suddenly opened again and in came a great big dodo bird, which is something like a skillery-

scalery alligator, only worse, with a beak like that of a mosquito.

"Ah, ha!" chirped the dodo. "At last I have found him!" and he made a dart with his big beak for Uncle Wiggily. The dodo was just going to grab the bunny gentleman in his claws, and Mr. Longears was so shivery he didn't know what to do, when the duchess, suddenly tossing the baby to the cook, cried:

"Ha! No you don't! I guess it's you I want to pepper instead!" and with that she shook the box of pepper at the dodo, who began sneezing as hard as he could sneeze.

"Aker-choo! Aker-choo! Aker-choo!" sneezed the dodo.

"Keer-zoo! Keer-zoo! Keer-zoo!" sneezed the duchess.

"Goo-snitzio! Goo-snitzio! Goo-snitzio!" sneezed Alice.

"Fizz-buzzy wuzz! Fizz-buzzy-wuzz! Fizz-buzzy-wuzz!" sneezed Uncle Wiggily, and then the dodo himself gave another very large special five and ten cent store sale sneeze and blew himself backward out of the

door. So he didn't get Uncle Wiggily after all.

"And now we are all right," said Alice, when they had all finished sneezing, including the baby. "Have some soup, Uncle Wiggily."

So the bunny did, finding it very good, and made from cabbage and pretzels and then he went home to his stump bungalow.

And if the lollypop stick doesn't have to go out and help the wash lady hold up the clothesline when it goes fishing for apple pie I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the cook.

CHAPTER IX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE COOK

"Well, Mr. Longears, I shall have to leave you all alone today," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she gave Uncle Wiggily, the bunny rabbit gentleman, his breakfast in the hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"Leave me all alone—how does that happen?" asked Uncle Wiggily, sort of sad and sorrowful like. "Do you mean you are going to leave me for good?."

"Oh, no; I'm just going to be busy all day sewing mosquito shirts for the animal boy soldiers who are going off to war. Since you taught them how to shoot their talcum powder guns at the bad biting bugs, Sammie Littletail, your rabbit nephew, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels; Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dogs, and all the other Woodland chaps have been bothered with the mosquitoes."

"They made war enough on me," said Uncle Wiggily.

"And, since they could not catch you, they are starting war against your friends," went on Nurse Jane, "so I am making mosquito shirts for the animal boys. I'll be away sewing all day, and you'll have to get your own lunch, I'm afraid."

"I'm not afraid!" laughed brave Uncle Wiggily. "If I could get away from the bad, biting mosquitoes, I guess I can get my own lunch. Besides, maybe Alice from Wonderland will come along and help me."

"Maybe," spoke Nurse Jane. Then the muskrat lady, tying her tail up in a pink-blue hair ribbon, scurried off, while Uncle Wiggily hopped over the fields and through the woods, looking for an adventure.

But adventures, or things that happen to you, seemed to be scarce that day, and it was noontime before the bunny gentleman hardly knew it.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "I'm getting hungry, and, as I didn't bring any cherry pie

with me I'll have to skip along to my hollow stump bungalow for something to eat."

Nurse Jane had left some things on the table for the bunny gentleman to eat for his lunch. There were cold carrot sandwiches, cold cabbage tarts, cold turnip unsidedowns—which are like turnovers only different—and cold lettuce pancakes.

"But it seems to me," said Uncle Wiggily, "it seems to me that I would like something hot. I think I'll make a soup of all these things as I saw the cook doing when I went through the funny little door and met Alice from Wonderland in the kitchen of the Duchess."

So, getting a large soup kettle, Uncle Wiggily put into it the cold carrot sandwiches, the cold lettuce pancakes, the cold cabbage tarts and so on. Then he built a fire in the stove.

"For," said he, "if those things are good cold they are better hot. I shall have a fine hot lunch."

Then Uncle Wiggily sat down to wait for the things to cook, and every once in a while

he would look at the kettle on the stove and say:

“Yes, I shall have a fine, hot lunch!”

And then, all of a sudden, after the bunny rabbit gentleman had said this about five-and-ten-cent-store times a voice cried:

“Indeed you will have a hot lunch!” and all of a sudden into the kitchen of the hollow stump bungalow came the red hot flamingo bird, eager to burn the rabbit gentleman.

“Oh!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “I—I don’t seem to know you very well.”

“You’ll know me better after a bit,” said the red flamingo bird, clashing its beak like a pair of tailor’s shears. “I’m the bird that Alice from Wonderland used for a croquet mallet when she played with the Queen of Hearts.”

“Oh, now I know!” said the bunny. “Won’t you have lunch with me?” he asked, trying to be polite. “I’m having a hot lunch, though Nurse Jane left me a cold one, and—”

“You are going to have a much hotter lunch than you imagine!” said the red flamingo bird. “Look out! I’m getting sizzling

hot!" And indeed he was, which made him such a red color, I suppose. "I'm going to burn you!" cried the bird to Uncle Wiggily, sticking out his red tongue.

"Burn me? Why?" asked the poor bunny gentleman.

"Oh, because I have to burn somebody, and it might as well be you!" said the flamingo. "Look out, now!"

"Ha! Indeed! And it's you who had better look out!" cried a new voice. And with that the cook—the same big lady, shaped like a ham, whom Uncle Wiggily had last seen in the kitchen of the Duchess—this cook hopped nimbly in through a window of the hollow stump bungalow.

"I'll fix him!" she cried, catching up the flatirons from the shelf over the stove and throwing them at the flamingo. "Get out! Scat! Sush! Run away!" And she threw the fire shovel, the dustpan, the sink shovel, the stove lifter, the broom and the coal scuttle at the flamingo. My, but that cook was a thrower!

She didn't hit the red flamingo bird with

any of the things she threw, but she tossed them so very hard, and seemingly with such anger, that the bird was frightened.

"This is no place for me!" cried the flaming red bird, drawing in his red tongue. "I'll go make it hot for Mr. Whitewash, the polar bear. He might like some heat for a change from his cake of ice."

Then the red flamingo bird, not burning Uncle Wiggily at all, flew away, and the cook, after she had picked up all the kitchen things she had thrown, came in and had a hot lunch with Uncle Wiggily, who thanked her very much.

"I'm glad you came," said the bunny, "but I didn't know you cooks threw things."

"Oh, I'm from the Wonderland Alice book, which makes me different," the cook answered. And she was queer. But everything came out all right, you see, and if the trolley car conductor doesn't punch the transfer so hard that it falls off the seat, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Baby.

CHAPTER X

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BABY

"Well," said Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, to himself, as he stood in the middle of the woods and looked around. "I don't seem to be going to have any adventures today at all. I wonder what's the matter?"

Something was wrong, that is certain.

The bunny uncle had been hopping along all the morning, and part of the afternoon, and not a single adventure had he found. Almost always something happened to him, but this time was different.

He had not met Alice from Wonderland, nor any of her queer relations, and Uncle Wiggily had not seen any of his animal boy or girl friends, so the rabbit gentleman was beginning to feel a bit lonesome.

Then, all of a sudden, before you could count a million (providing you had time and

wanted to), Uncle Wiggily saw, fluttering from a tree, what he thought was a flag.

"That's queer," he said to himself, only out loud. "I wonder if any of my mosquito enemies have made a camp there under the trees, and are flying the flag before they come to bite me? I'll go closer and see."

Uncle Wiggily was very brave, you know, even if he only had his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch instead of the talcum powder popgun that shot bean-bag bullets. So up he went to where he thought he saw the mosquito enemy's flag fluttering, and my goodness me sakes alive and some chocolate cake ginger snaps! It wasn't the mosquito flag at all, which shows that we ought never to be afraid until we are sure what a thing is—and sometimes not then.

"Why, it's a lady's veil!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he looked at the fluttering thing. And, as he said that, someone, who was sitting on an old log, turned around, and—there was the Wonderland Duchess herself—the queer, stout lady who looked like a barrel of flour—very rich you know!"

"Oh, hello, Uncle Wiggily!" called the Duchess, who is a sort of princess grown up. "I'm glad to see you. I have a friend of yours here with me!"

"Do you mean Alice?" asked the bunny.

"No, this time it's the Baby," answered the Duchess, and then Uncle Wiggily saw that she had a live baby in her arms upside down. I mean the baby was upside down, not the arms of the Duchess, though perhaps it would have been better that way.

"Bless me!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "That's no way to hold the child."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Duchess, sort of sniffing proud like. "Then if you know so much about holding babies, take this one. I have to go make a rice pudding," and before Uncle Wiggily could stop her she tossed the baby to him as if it were a ball and ran away, crying:

"Rice! Rice! Who has the rice pudding?"

"Oh, my!" Uncle Wiggily started to say, but that was all he had time for, as he had to catch Baby, which he managed to do right side up. This was a good thing, I think.

"You poor little dear!" cried the bunny uncle as he smoothed out the Baby's clothes and looked around for a nursing bottle or a rattle box. And, as he was doing this, and while the Baby was trying to close its lips, which it had opened to cry with when it found itself skedaddling through the air—while this was going on, some one gave a loud laugh, and Uncle Wiggily, looking around in surprise, saw Alice from Wonderland.

"Well!" said the bunny. "I'm glad to see you, but what is there to laugh at?"

"The—the baby!" said Alice, sort of choking like, for she was trying to talk and laugh at the same time.

"Why should you laugh at a poor baby, whom no one seems to know how to care for?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Why, I ask you?"

"Oh! But look what it's turning into!" said Alice, pointing.

The bunny uncle looked at what he held in his paws. It was wiggling, twisting and squirming in such a funny way, squee-geeing its dress all up around its face that for a

moment Uncle Wiggily could not get a good look, but, when he did, he cried:

“My goodness me sakes alive and some bacon gravy! It’s a little pig!”

And so it was! As he held it the baby had turned into a tiny pig, with a funny nose and half-shut eyes.

“Bless my rheumatism crutch!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “What made it do that?”

“Because it’s that way in the book where I came from,” said Alice. “You read and you’ll see that the baby which the Duchess gives me to hold turns into a little pig.”

“But she gave it to ME to hold!” cried Uncle Wiggily.

“It’s much the same thing,” spoke Alice. “As long as it’s a pig it doesn’t matter.”

“But dear me hum suz dud!” cried the bunny. “I don’t want to be carrying around a little pig. Of course I like pigs, and I’m very fond of my friends Curley and Floppy Twisty-tail, the little grunTERS. But this baby pig—”

And, just as Uncle Wiggily said that, who should come along but a bad old skillery-

scalery hump-tailed alligator, walking on his hind legs, with his two front claws stretched out in front of him.

“Ah, ha!” cried the bad alligator, who had promised to be good, but who had not kept his word. “Ah, ha! At last I have caught you, Uncle Wiggily, and Wonderland Alice, too!”

He was just going to grab them when the little Baby Pig, who had been squirming very hard all the while, finally squirmed out of Uncle Wiggily’s paws, fell to the ground, and then, running right between the legs of the alligator, as pigs always do run, the squealing chap upset the bad, unpleasant creature, knocking him over in a frontward somersault and also backward peppersault down the steps.

“Oh, my goodness!” cried the skillery-scalery alligator. “I’m killed!” Which he wasn’t at all, but he thought so, and this frightened him so much that he ran away and didn’t catch Uncle Wiggily or Alice after all, for which I’m glad.

And if the puppy dog doesn’t take all the

bark off the sassafras tree and leave none for the pussy cat to polish her claws on, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Mock Turtle.

CHAPTER XI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE MOCK-TURTLE

“Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Will you please take me with you this morning?” asked a little voice, somewhere down near the lower, or floor-end, of the old rabbit gentleman’s rheumatism crutch, as Mr. Longears sat at breakfast table in his hollow stump bungalow. “Please take me with you!”

“Well, who are you, and where do you want to be taken?” asked the bunny.

“Oh, I’m Squeaky-Eeky, the little cousin mouse,” was the answer, “and I want you to take me with you on one of your walks, so I can have an adventure as you do with Alice in Wonderland.”

“But perhaps I may not see Alice in Wonderland,” spoke Uncle Wiggily. “I do not always have that pleasure.”

“Well, then, perhaps we’ll see the Baby or the Duchess, or the Gryphon or some of the funny folk who make such jolly fun with

you," went on Squeaky-Eeky. "I have a holiday from school today, because they are painting the blackboards white, and I'd like to come with you."

"Come along then!" cried Uncle Wiggily, giving the little cousin mouse a bit of cheese cake with some lettuce sugar sprinkled over the top. "We'll see what sort of adventure happens today."

So, calling good-bye to Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, Uncle Wiggily and Squeaky-Eeky started off over the fields and through the woods. They had not gone very far before, all at once, as they walked along a little path under the trees they saw a funny thing lying near a clump of ferns.

It looked like a mud turtle at first, but after peering at it through his glasses Uncle Wiggily saw that the larger part was made of a half-round stone. In front of that was part of a broken rubber ball, and sticking out at the four corner places were four pieces of wood, like little claws, while at the back was a piece of an old leather boot.

"My! I wonder what in the world this can be?" said Uncle Wiggily, surprised like.

"Maybe it's something from Alice in Wonderland," spoke Squeaky-Eeky, the cousin mouse.

"You are right—I am!" exclaimed a voice. "I am the Mock-Turtle and I have just gotten out of the soup."

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you!" cried Squeaky. "I've always wanted to see what a real mock turtle looked like, ever since I read the book about Alice."

"Hum!" grunted the queer creature. "There's no such thing as a real mock turtle any more than there is a make-believe tooth-ache."

"I hope you never have that," said Squeaky-Eeky, politely.

"Thank you, I don't care for any," answered the Mock-Turtle, just as if the little cousin mouse had passed the cakes. And then the turtle began to sing:

“Speak gently to your toothache drops,
And do not let them fall.
And when you have the measles-mumps,
They’ll scarcely hurt at all.”

“Mine did,” said Squeaky-Eeky, wondering if this was what Alice would have answered. But the Mock-Turtle kept right on with:

“Once a tramp was seated on
A chair made out of cheese.
He ate the legs and then he fell
Down with a terrible sneeze.”

“That isn’t right,” said Squeaky-Eeky. “It’s a trap that was baited with a piece of cheese, and—”

“Hush!” suddenly exclaimed the Mock-Turtle. “Here he comes!”

“Who?” asked the little cousin mouse. “Do you mean the tramp?”

Before the Mock-Turtle could answer along came shuffling a big, shaggy bear. At first Uncle Wiggily and the little cousin mouse thought perhaps it was Neddie or Beckie Stubtail, one of the good bear chil-

dren, but instead it was a bad old tramp sort of a bear—the kind that goes about taking honey out of beehives.

“Ah, ha!” growled the bear. “A rabbit and a mouse! That’s fine for me! I shall have a good dinner, I’m sure!” and he smacked his red tongue against his teeth.

“Where will you get your dinner?” asked Uncle Wiggily, curious like.

“There is no restaurant or kitchen around here,” went on Squeaky-Eeky.

“Never you mind about that!” cried the bear. “I’ll attend to you at dessert. Just now I want Uncle Wiggily to come here and count how many teeth I have,” and he opened his mouth real wide, the bear did.

“Oh, but I don’t want to count your teeth,” said the poor bunny gentleman, for well he knew what the bear’s trick would be. The bear wanted to bite Uncle Wiggily.

“You must count my teeth!” growled the shaggy creature, coming close to Uncle Wiggily.

“No, let me do it!” suddenly cried the Mock-Turtle. “I am good at counting.”

"Well, it doesn't make any difference who does it," said the bear. Then, going close over to where the Mock-Turtle sat on the path, the bear opened wide his mouth. And then, just as he would have done to the rabbit gentleman, the bear made a savage bite for the Mock-Turtle.

But you know what happened. Instead of biting on something good, like a lollypop, the bear bit on the hard stone, of which the top part of Mock, or Make-Believe, Turtle was made, and the stone was so gritty and tough that the bear's teeth all broke off, and then he couldn't bite even a jelly fish .

"Oh, wow! Oh, woe is me!" cried the bear, as he ran to see if he could find a dentist to make him some false teeth.

"And he didn't hurt me a bit," laughed the Mock-Turtle, made of stone, wood and leather, who was built that way on purpose to fool bad bears and such like. "I don't mind in the least being bitten," said the pretend turtle.

"But you saved my life, and Squeaky-Eeky's, too," said Uncle Wiggily. "I thank

you!" Then the Mock-Turtle crawled away and the bunny and mousie girl had a fine time together. And if the milk wagon doesn't go swimming down on the board walk with the watering cart and make the ice cream jump over the lollypop, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Lobster.

CHAPTER XII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LOBSTER

"You'll be home to supper, won't you?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she saw her friend, Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, hopping down off the front porch of the hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"Oh, yes, I'll be home," he answered, "I'm just going to look for a little adventure."

Then, not having been on the board walk in quite a while, Uncle Wiggily went down to the ocean seashore beach.

"For," said the old rabbit gentleman to himself, "I have not had a seashore adventure in some time. And, perhaps, my friend, Alice, from Wonderland, may be down there. I know in her story book there are many curious things that happen near the sea."

So down to the shore went Uncle Wiggily and as he was walking along, looking at the funny marks his feet made in the wet sand,

all of a sudden he came to a pile of damp, green seaweed, and from underneath it he heard a voice calling:

“Oh, help me out! Please help me out!”

“Ha! That sounds like some one in trouble!” Uncle Wiggily said. “I must help them.” Then with his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch that Nurse Jane had gnawed for him out of a lollypop stick, the bunny poked away the seaweed, and underneath it, all tangled up so he could hardly move, was a Lobster gentleman.

“Oh, it was so good of you to get me out,” said the Lobster as he gave a flip-flap with his tail. “An old crab, who doesn’t like me, piled the seaweed over my back as I was taking a nap in the sun. My long thin legs were all tangled in it, and even with my big pinching claws I could not get loose, and I was so afraid I’d be late.”

“Late for what?” asked Uncle Wiggily, wondering where the Lobster was going.

“To the dance—the quadrille, of course,” was the answer.

“Oh, now I remember,” said the bunny.

"It's in the Wonderland Alice book. You have to go to a dance, don't you?"

"Exactly," said the Lobster. "I'd be pleased to have you come with me."

"I will," promised Uncle Wiggily, thinking maybe he would have an adventure there. So down the beach started the Lobster gentleman and the bunny uncle. On and on they went for a long, long time, it seemed to Uncle Wiggily, and it was getting quite late, as he could tell by the star fish which were twinkling on the beach, and still they had seen no signs of a dance.

"I can't understand it," said the Lobster. "Alice said I was to walk until I met her, and she'd take me to the party. And we certainly have been walking a long time."

"We have," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "It is so late I'm afraid I'll have to leave you and go home to supper, as I promised Nurse Jane."

"That's too bad," went on the Lobster. "I wanted you to see how well I can dance on the end of my tail. But I can't understand why we don't get to the quadrille. We certainly have walked down the beach, haven't we?"

"We have," answered the bunny. "But— Ah! I have it!" Uncle Wiggily suddenly cried. "You have been walking BACKWARD, and I have been following you. We have been going away from the dance instead of toward it."

"Of course!" cried the Lobster, in a cold and clammy voice. "Why didn't I think of that before? I always have to go backward, on account of my claws being so heavy I have to pull them after me, instead of pushing them ahead."

"And so, of course, going backward as I do, and as all Lobsters do, when I want to get anywhere I always turn my back toward it, and get to it that way. This time I forgot to do that."

"But what can we do now?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know. "How can we get to the dance?"

"I'll just turn around and back up to it," spoke the Lobster. "I'm sorry to have mixed things up for you, especially as you were so kind as to get me from under the pile of seaweed."

"Oh, don't worry!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, jolly-like. "I dare say it will be all right. Come on!"

So the lobster turned around and began to back toward where he hoped to find the dance. It grew darker and darker, and the star fish were twinkling more than ever, and then, all of a sudden, they came to the hollow stump bungalow where Uncle Wiggily lived.

"Hurrray!" cried the Lobster. "Here we are at the quadrille. Now I'll explain to Alice—"

"No, this isn't the dance," said Uncle Wiggily. "This is where I live. But I'd be pleased to have you come in to supper, and we can go to the dance tomorrow."

"I will!" cried the Lobster, after thinking about it.

Into the hollow stump bungalow they went, the Lobster backing in, of course, and Uncle Wiggily cried:

"Supper for two, if you please, Nurse Jane!"

"Right away!" answered the muskrat lady. And she began to set the table. And then,

while Uncle Wiggily and the Lobster were talking together Nurse Jane called:

“Oh, dear! I’ve lost the can opener, and I can’t open this tin of peaches. What shall I do?”

“Let me try!” begged Uncle Wiggily. But his paws were not big enough.

“I’ll do it!” said the Lobster. And with his strong, pinching claws he punched open the can of peaches as easily as you can eat a chocolate cream drop. It was no trouble at all for him. So it was a good thing Uncle Wiggily brought the Lobster home for supper, you see.

And if the stairs don’t stand on their heads and with their toes tickle all the holes out of the lawn tennis nets, I’ll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Father William.

CHAPTER XIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND FATHER WILLIAM

One morning, soon after he had finished his breakfast, having taken his red, white and blue striped barber pole rheumatism crutch down from behind the clock, Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, started out from his hollow stump bungalow.

There were quite a few friends of the little girl named Alice in Wonderland whom he had not yet met, and he hoped to have an adventure with one of them. So, tossing up in the air his tall silk stovepipe hat, and letting it bounce three times on the end of his pink nose, Uncle Wiggily hurried off.

The rabbit gentleman had not gone very far, over the fields and through the woods, before he saw something very strange indeed. This something was what seemed to be a funny sort of flower vase, with two

things sticking up in it, and on the end of them were two shoes.

"My goodness me, sakes alive and some chocolate cake pudding!" cried the surprised bunny uncle. "What's this?"

Then, as he looked again, he saw a funny face, and a pair of bright eyes looking at him from the bottom part of what seemed to be a flower vase.

"Why, it's a man!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Of course I'm a man," was the jolly answer. "But don't be afraid of me; I'm not a hunter man."

"And you—you're standing on your head!" went on Uncle Wiggily, more surprised than ever.

"Of course I'm standing on my head!" said the funny man. "I have to do that to make things come out as they do in the Alice in Wonderland book. I'm Father William, you know," and with that he gave a nimble spring, turned a back somersault, putting himself right side up, and began to recite this verse:

"You are old, Father William, the Young Man said,

And your hair has become very white.

But yet you incessantly stand on your head.

Do you think, at your age, that is right?"

"But is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily quickly, as soon as funny Father William had ceased speaking.

"Of course it is," was the answer. "Otherwise it wouldn't be in the book and I wouldn't do it. At first it came very hard to me, but now I can easily manage. And you'll find you get quite a different view of things, looking at them upside down as I do every now and then," he went on.

"I wonder if I could stand on my head?" spoke Uncle Wiggily.

"Try it," said Father William.

"I'd like to," went on the bunny uncle "But I might crush my tall silk hat."

"Take it off," suggested Father William.

"Yes, I could do that. But suppose some one were to see me?" asked the bunny. "It would look sort of queer."

"No one will see you here behind the trees," spoke Father William. "Besides, if they do, learning to stand on one's head is very useful. There is no telling when you may want to do it at home."

"That's so," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "Well, I'll try."

At first he couldn't stand up on his head at all, just turning over in a sort of flip-flop every time he tried. But at last Father William held up the bunny rabbit by the heels, and then Uncle Wiggily did it better. After a while he could stand straight, right side up, on his hind paws, give a little wiggle, and then suddenly, with a funny twist and a somersault flop, there he was, standing on his head, with his silk hat twirling around on his upper paws. And Father William could do the same thing.

If you had happened to walk through the woods when Uncle Wiggily and Father William, who had a little holiday from the Alice book, were standing on their heads, surely you would have laughed.

"And, now that I have learned a new trick,

"I must go look for an adventure," said the bunny.

"I'll go with you," spoke Father William. Together they went along through the woods and over the fields and, all of a sudden, from behind a current jam bush, out jumped a bad, old, double-jointed skillery scalery alligator.

"Ah, ha!" cried the alligator. "At last I have caught some one to whom I can do it! Ah, ha!"

"Do what?" asked Uncle Wiggily, while Father William looked around for a place to hide. "What are you going to do?"

"Tickle your feet!" was the surprising answer. "I am the ticklish alligator, and feet I must tickle! Get ready now, here I come."

"Oh, dear!" cried Father William. "I never can bear to have my feet tickled. For, when that happens I laugh and then I sneeze and then I catch cold and have to go to bed. Oh, dear! I don't want my feet tickled!"

"Hush!" whispered Uncle Wiggily, as the 'gator was hopping toward them. "You won't have to suffer that! Quick! Stand on your

head as you taught me to, and hold your feet up in the air!"

And in the twinkle of a spiced pear Uncle Wiggily and Father William were standing on their heads. The surprised alligator saw them, and after trying to reach their feet with his claws, which he couldn't do, as they were up in the air, he cried:

"Ah, ha! Thought you'd fool me, didn't you, by standing on your heads! Well, I'll tickle your feet after all. I'll climb a tree and reach down to them!"

"Oh, dear! He'll make me catch cold no matter what I do," sighed Father William.

"No, he won't," said Uncle Wiggily. "The alligator is very good at climbing up trees, but it takes him ever so long to climb down. As soon as he climbs up we'll stop standing on our heads. We'll flip-flop to our feet and run away."

And that's exactly what the bunny and Father William did. As soon as the alligator was up in the tree branches they turned a flip-flop, stood up straight and away they ran, and the alligator was all day getting down

out of the tree. So he didn't tickle their feet after all, but he might have if Uncle Wiggily had not learned to stand on his head.

And if the ice wagon doesn't slide down hill and throw snowballs at the potato pudding in the parlor I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the magic bottles.

CHAPTER XIV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE MAGIC BOTTLES

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods one morning after having eaten breakfast in his hollow stump bungalow, when, just as he reached a nice, grassy place, near a spring of water, he saw the little flaxen-haired girl, Alice from Wonderland, coming toward him.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" cried Alice. "You are just in time to win the first prize."

She handed the gentleman rabbit a little bottle, filled with what seemed to be water, and stoppered with a blue cork.

"First prize for what?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"For getting here early," answered Alice. "And you also get second prize, too," and she handed him another bottle, stoppered with a red cork.

"Why do I get second prize?" asked the bunny.

"For not being late," answered Alice with a smile. "It is very simple. First prize for being early, second prize for not being late."

"Hum!" said Uncle Wiggily, sort of scratching his pink, twinkling nose, thoughtful like. "It's much the same thing, it seems to me."

"Not at all," said Alice, quickly. "The prizes are very different. Those bottles are magical. They are filled with water from the pool of tears. If you drink a few drops from the one with the blue cork you will grow very small. And if you take some of the water from the red-stoppered bottle you will grow very large. Be careful of your prizes."

"I will," promised Uncle Wiggily. "Are there any others coming?" he asked, looking about through the trees.

"Any others coming where?" inquired Alice.

"Here. I mean, might they have gotten prizes, too?"

"No, only you," said the flaxen-haired girl. "You were the only one expected."

"But," spoke the puzzled bunny rabbit, "if

I was the only one expected, what was the use of giving prizes? No one else could have gotten here ahead of me; could they?"

"Please don't ask me," begged Alice. "All I know is that it's one of the riddles like those the March Hare asks, such as 'What makes the mirror look crooked at you?' The answer is it doesn't if you don't. In this case you get the prizes because there is no one else to give them to. So take them and have an adventure. I have to go see what the Duchess wants."

With that Alice faded away like the Cheshire Cat, beginning at her head and ending up at her feet, the last things to go being the buttons on her shoes.

"Well," said Uncle Wiggily to himself, "I have two prizes, it seems, of magic bottles. I wonder what I am to do with them?"

He looked at the red and blue corked bottles, holding one in each paw, and he was wondering whether it would be best to grow small or large, when, all at once, he felt himself caught from behind by a pair of big claws, and, looking over his shoulder, as best

he could, Uncle Wiggily saw that he was held fast by a big alligator; a skillery-scalery chap with a double-jointed tail that he could swing back and forth like a pantry door.

“Ah, ha! I have you!” gurgled the ’gator.

“Yes, I see you have!” said Uncle Wiggily, sadly.

“You thought you and Father William would fool me by standing on your heads so I couldn’t tickle your feet,” went on the ’gator, as I call him for short. “But I got down out of the tree, and here I am. I have you now and you can’t get away from me!”

Indeed it did seem so, for he held Uncle Wiggily very tight and fast in his claws.

“What are you going to do with me?” asked the rabbit.

“Take you home to my den, and my dear little foxes, Eight, Nine and Ten,” said the alligator.

“Foxes!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “Have you foxes?”

“I have!” answered the alligator. “I am keeping them until their father gets back from a hunting trip, and they are very

hungry. Their father is the fox who went out 'in a hungry plight, and he begged of the moon to give him light, for he'd many miles to go that night, before he could reach his den-O.' "

"Oh, now I remember," said Uncle Wiggily. "It's in Mother Goose."

"Yes, and so is the rest of it," went on the alligator. "'At last the fox reached home to his den, and his dear little foxes, Eight, Nine, Ten.' Those are their names, though they sound like numbers," said the 'gator. "I'll soon introduce you to them. Come along!"

Now Uncle Wiggily did not like this at all. He wanted to get away from the alligator, but he did not know how he could do it. At last he thought of the magical bottles Alice had given him.

"Ah, ha!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "I'll give the alligator a drink from the blue-corked one, and we'll see what happens." So Uncle Wiggily slyly said to the 'gator:

"Before you take me off to your den, would you not like a drink from this bottle to refresh you?"

"Yes, I would," said the skillery-scalery creature, not at all politely. "I was going to take some anyhow whether you asked me or not."

With that he took the blue-corked bottle from the paw of the bunny rabbit gentleman, pulled out the stopper with his teeth and drank a few drops.

And, no sooner had he done that, than the alligator began to shrink. First he became as small as a dog, then as little as a cat, then as tiny as a kitten, then no larger than a bird and finally he was no bigger than a baby angle worm. And when the alligator became that size Uncle Wiggily was not afraid and easily got away from him, taking the two magic bottles.

"Oh, dear!" cried the 'gator in a baby angle worm voice, which was about as loud as the head of a pin. "How foolish I was to drink from the magic bottle and grow small."

But it served him right, I think, and the bunny uncle was safe. And if the head of the table doesn't step on the front door mat and make it slide off the porch I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the croquet ball.

CHAPTER XV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CROQUET BALL

“Why in the world are you taking those bottles with you?” asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she saw Uncle Wiggily, the bunny rabbit gentleman, hopping off the front porch of his hollow stump bungalow one morning.

“These are the prizes which Alice from Wonderland gave me,” answered Mr. Longears, as he looked at the blue and red corked bottles. “The red one makes things grow larger and the blue one makes them smaller. I am going to take them with me as I go looking for an adventure today, as there is no telling when I might need them. I did yesterday, when the alligator caught me. I gave him a drink from the blue bottle and he shrunk until he was no larger than a baby angle worm.”

The rabbit gentleman had not gone very far, twinkling his pink nose as he hopped,

before, all of a sudden, he came to a place where a big stone grew out of the ground, and near it he heard a voice, saying:

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!”

“Ha! That sounds like trouble!” exclaimed the bunny. “Who are you and what is the matter?” he asked, kindly.

“Oh, I am a Lady Bug,” was the answer, “and I am so small that I either get lost all the while, or all the other animals and bugs in the forest step on me. Oh, I wish I were larger so I could be more easily seen!”

“Indeed, you are rather hard to see,” said Uncle Wiggily, and he had to look twice through his glasses before he could notice the Lady Bug. At the first look he only half saw her, but the second time he saw her fully.

“I’d like to be about as large as a June Beetle,” said the Lady Bug. “But I don’t s’pose I ever shall be.”

“Oh, yes you will!” cried jolly Uncle Wiggily.

“I will! How?” asked the Lady Bug, eagerly.

“I have here some water in a magic bot-

tle," said the bunny. "I'll give you a few drops of it, and it will make you grow larger." So he took some water from the red-corked flask, and let the Lady Bug sip it. Instantly she grew as large as a turkey.

"Oh, now I'm too big," she said.

"I see you are," said Uncle Wiggily.

"I'll have to give you some from the other bottle and make you grow smaller." So he did, but he must have given a little too much, for the Lady Bug suddenly grew as small as the point of a baby pin.

"Oh, this is worse and worse," she said sadly.

"I know it!" agreed Uncle Wiggily. "Wait, I'll give you a little of both kinds," and he did, so the Lady Bug grew to the size of a small potato, which was just right, so she would not get lost or stepped on.

After the Lady Bug had thanked him, Uncle Wiggily, with his two magical bottles, hopped on through the woods. He had not gone very far before he saw Alice of Wonderland and the Queen of Hearts playing croquet on a grassy place.

"Come on, Uncle Wiggily!" called Alice. "You're just in time for the game."

"Fine!" said the bunny uncle, taking a mallet and round wooden ball which the Queen handed him.

"Three strikes and you go out!" warned the Queen.

"What does she mean?" asked Uncle Wiggily of Alice. "This isn't baseball."

"She means," explained the little flaxen-haired girl, "that if you miss striking the croquet ball three times with your mallet you have to go out and bring in some ice cream."

"Oh, I shan't mind that," the bunny rabbit said. "In fact, I shall rather like it. Now, what do I do—?"

"Play ball!" suddenly cried the Queen of Hearts, and she struck with her mallet the croquet ball near her such a hard blow that it sailed through the air and hit Uncle Wiggily in the coat tails. And then something cracked.

All at once the croquet ball began growing larger! Bigger and bigger it grew, like a snowball which you roll in the yard, and then

it began to roll after Uncle Wiggily. Down the croquet ground the big wooden ball chased after him, rolling closer and closer.

“Oh, my!” cried the Queen of Hearts, “What have I done?”

“The ball cracked the magical red stoppered bottle that was in my coat tail pocket!” cried Uncle Wiggily over his shoulder, as he ran. “Some of the magic, big-growing water spilled on the ball, and now it has turned into a giant! Oh, it will crush me!”

And, really, it did seem as though the big croquet ball would, for now it was as large as a house and still growing, so strong was the water in the magical bottle that had been broken.

Larger and larger grew the croquet ball, and faster and faster it rolled after Uncle Wiggily. It was almost on his heels now, and the bunny gentleman was running so fast that his tall silk hat flew off.

“Oh, what shall I do?” he cried.

Alice thought for a minute, then she called: “Quick, Uncle Wiggily. Take out the blue-

corked bottle and sprinkle some of that water on the croquet ball! Hurry now!"

Uncle Wiggily did. As he ran he turned and threw back over his shoulder some of the blue bottle water on the big rolling croquet ball. And, all at once, just as the alligator had done, the croquet ball shrank and shrank until it was no larger than a boy's marble, and then it couldn't hurt Uncle Wiggily even if it did roll on him.

But it is a good thing he had that bottle of shrinking water with him; isn't it?

And, if the expressman doesn't take the baby carriage to ride the trunk down to the five-and-ten-cent store to buy a new piano, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Do-do.

CHAPTER XVI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE DO-DO

"I declare!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, "I declare, I'll never get it done—never!"

"What?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "What won't you get done?"

"All this housework," answered Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "You see, going over to call on Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel lady, last night I didn't wash the supper dishes, and now I have them to do, and also the breakfast dishes and the sweeping and dusting and I ought to bake a cake, and mend some of your socks and—"

"Whoa!" called Uncle Wiggily with a jolly laugh, as though he had spoken to Munchie Trot, the pony. "That's enough! Don't say any more. You have too much work to do."

"And I'm worried about it," said Nurse Jane.



"Don't be," advised the rabbit gentleman. "I'll stay and help you do it."

"No," said Nurse Jane. "Thank you just the same, but I'd rather you wouldn't stay around the hollow stump bungalow when there is so much to do. You might get in my way and I'd step on you. That would give me the fidgets. It is very kind of you, but if you'll go off and have an adventure I think that will be best."

"Just as you say," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "But I'd like to help. Can't I bring you a diamond dishpan or a gold wash rag from the five and ten cent store?"

"No! Hop along with you!" laughed Nurse Jane. "I dare say I'll manage somehow."

So Uncle Wiggily hopped along, over the fields and through the woods, and then he suddenly said to himself:

"I know what I'll do. I'll play a little trick on Nurse Jane. She shouldn't spend so much time in the kitchen. A little is all right, but there is too much trouble about housework. Here I go off and have an adventure and she

has to slop around in dishwater. It isn't right!"

Then the rabbit gentleman hopped along until he came to a woodland telephone, made from a trumpet vine flower, and into that he called, speaking right into his own hollow stump bungalow and to Nurse Jane.

"Oh, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy!" called Uncle Wiggily. "Can you come over to Mrs. Wibblewobble's duck house right away?"

"Why, yes, I can," answered the muskrat lady, "though I have a lot of work to do. What is the matter?"

"I'll tell you when you get there," said the voice of Uncle Wiggily, pretending he was Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady. Then he called up Mrs. Wibblewobble herself, told her how he had fooled Nurse Jane, and asked the duck lady, when the muskrat lady housekeeper came, to keep her talking and visiting as long as she could.

"And while Nurse Jane is at your house, Mrs. Wibblewobble," said Uncle Wiggily, over the trumpet vine telephone, "I'll run

around the back way to the hollow stump bungalow and do all the work."

"That will be a nice surprise for Nurse Jane," the duck lady said.

Uncle Wiggily guessed so, too, and when he thought Nurse Jane was safely at Mrs. Wibblewobble's house, he went to the bungalow. He took off his tall silk hat, laid aside his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, and began with the dishes. There was a large pile of them, but Uncle Wiggily was brave.

"When I was a soldier I fought a great many more mosquitoes than there are dishes here," he said. "I will make believe the plates, cups and saucers are the enemy, and I will charge on them and souse them."

And Uncle Wiggily did, with a cake of soap for a gun and washing powder to fire with. But, still and with all, there were many dishes, and when he thought of the beds to make, the sweeping and dusting to be done and the socks to mend, Uncle Wiggily said:

"Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter?" asked a voice behind

him, and turning, he saw Alice from Wonderland. With her was a queer bird, which had a tail like that of a mouse.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you!" said Uncle Wiggily. "But I can't go and have an adventure with you, Alice, as I have to do all these dishes. Then I have to do the sweeping and do the dusting and do—"

"That's enough!" laughed Alice. "There are too many do-dos. I am just in time, I see. My friend will help you," and she pointed to the queer bird.

"What?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Can he do dishes?"

"He can do anything!" laughed Alice. "He is the Do-do bird, and all I have to do is to pinch his tail and he will work very fast."

"Doesn't it hurt him?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"What, to work fast?" Alice wanted to know.

"No, to pinch his tail."

"Not in the least," answered Alice. "He's used to it. The only trouble is I have to keep on pinching it to make him do things, and

that means I have to keep my finger and thumb on his tail all the while and follow him around. Now we'll begin to do things, dear Do-do," and she pinched the bird's tail.

At once the bird began to wash dishes, and soon they were all done, and then when the Do-do started to do the beds Uncle Wiggily thought of a new plan.

"As long as you have to pinch his tail," said the bunny to Alice, "I'll get Nurse Jane's hair curlers. You can snap them on his tail and they'll keep pinching on it, and pinching on it all the while, and you and I can go take a walk."

"Fine!" cried Alice. So with the hair curlers pinching his tail the Do-do bird quickly did all the bungalow housework, and Uncle Wiggily and Alice had a fine walk. And when Nurse Jane came home from Mrs. Wobble-wobble's and found the work all done she was very happy. And so was the Do-do, for he loved to do dishes.

And if the teacup doesn't try to hide in the milk pitcher, where the bread crumbs can't

tickle it when they play tag with the butter knife, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Lory.

CHAPTER XVII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LORY

Once upon a time the skillery-scalery alligator was out walking in the fields near the muddy river where he lived, and he happened to meet a big spider.

"Good morning, Mr. Alligator," said Mr. Spider. "Have you caught that Uncle Wiggily Longears bunny yet?"

"I have not, I am sorry to say," answered the alligator chap. "I've tried every way I know how, but something always happens so that he gets away. Either he is helped by that funny book-girl, Alice from Wonderland, or by some of her friends. I'm afraid I'll never catch Uncle Wiggily."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Mr. Spider. "I'll help you."

"How?" asked the 'gator, which was his short name, though he was rather long.

"I'll crawl through the woods and over the fields until I find him asleep," said Mr. Spider.

"And, when I do, I'll spin a strong web around and over him so he cannot get loose. Then I'll come and tell you and you can get him."

"Very good," spoke Mr. Alligator. "Please do it."

So the alligator went back to sleep in the mud to wait until Mr. Spider should bring him word that Uncle Wiggily was held fast in the web.

And now let us see what happens to the bunny gentleman. As he always did, he started out from his hollow stump bungalow one morning to look for an adventure. There had been a little accident at breakfast time. Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, had boiled the eggs too long and they were as hard as bullets.

"You can't eat them," she said to Uncle Wiggily. "I'll boil you some fresh ones."

"All right," laughed the bunny. "I don't want to get indyspepsia by eating hard bullet eggs. But I'll take them with me and give them to Johnnie or Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys. They can crack hard nuts so they must be able to crack hard boiled eggs."

So it was that Uncle Wiggily, after having eaten the newly boiled soft eggs, started from his hollow stump bungalow with the hard boiled eggs in his pocket.

He had not traveled very far before he heard from behind a big log a voice crying:

"Oh, dear! It isn't hard enough! It isn't half hard enough!"

"What isn't?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he saw a funny looking bird with a very large bill like a parrot's. "What isn't hard enough?"

"This log of wood," was the answer. "I need something hard to bite on to sharpen my beak, but this wood is too soft."

"You are a funny bird," laughed the bunny gentleman. "Who might you be?"

"I am the Lory bird," was the answer. "I belong in the book with Alice of Wonderland, but I'm out for a day's pleasure, and, as I can't tell what I might have to eat, I thought I'd sharpen my bill. But I can't find anything hard enough to use as a grindstone."

"Suppose you try these," said Uncle Wig-

gily, taking the hard boiled eggs out of his pocket.

"The very thing!" cried the Lory. "These will be fine for my bill!" With that he champed his beak down on the hard eggs and he had all he could do to bite them. "Now I'll get my beak good and sharp," said Lory. "You have done me a great favor, Uncle Wiggily, and I hope some day to do you one."

"Pray, do not mention it," said the bunny rabbit, modest-like and shy. Then, having found a good use for the hard boiled eggs, even if he didn't give them to the Bushytail squirrel boys, Uncle Wiggily hopped along, and the Lory kept on biting the shells for practice.

Now, it was a warm day, and, as Uncle Wiggily felt tired, he sat down in a shady place in the fields, and soon fell fast asleep. And, no sooner was he in Dreamland than along came Mr. Spider.

"Ah, ha!" said the spider. "Now's my chance to catch this bunny for the alligator. I'll spin a strong web around him, so strong

that he cannot break loose. Then I'll go get my friend, the 'gator."

So while Uncle Wiggily slept, Mr. Spider spun a strong web about the bunny—a very extra strong web, with such big strands that Uncle Wiggily never could have broken them himself. And when the web was all finished, and the bunny was helpless, he awakened just as Mr. Spider was going off to call Mr. Alligator.

"Oh, what has happened to me?" cried the bunny, as he found he could not move his paws or even twinkle his pink nose. "Oh, what is it? Let me go!"

"No, you can't go!" said the spider. "You are going to stay there until I bring Mr. Alligator," and away he crawled. Uncle Wiggily tried to get loose, but he could not.

"Oh, if only some one would come who's good and strong, and would cut this web, then I would be free!" said the bunny.

And then, all of a sudden, out from behind the bush came the Four and Twenty Tailors, from Mother Goose. They had their big scis-

sors with them, and they were led by Alice of Wonderland.

"I told these silly tailors I'd help them hunt the snail, because they are so timid that they even fear her tail," laughed Alice, "but we'll stop and help you first, dear Uncle Wiggily!"

Then the Four and Twenty Tailors, with their shears, sniped and snapped the strong spider's web until it was all in pieces and the bunny could easily get loose. And when the alligator, fetched by the spider, came to get the bunny he wasn't there.

But the strong-billed Lory bird was there. He had heard about Uncle Wiggily's trouble from the Dodo bird, and had come, with his strong bill, to bite the spider web into little pieces.

"But I am too late, I see," said the Lory. "The Mother Goose Tailors got here first. However, as I want to bite something hard and mean I'll bite the alligator." And he did and the alligator said "Ouch!" and I'm glad of it.

And if the telephone bell doesn't ring at the

front door and make believe it's the milkman looking for old rags, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the puppy.

CHAPTER XVIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PUPPY

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" called Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the two doggie boys, as they ran barking up to the hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"Well, well! What's the matter now?" asked Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as he came out on the porch.

"Oh, we've got a baby over at our house!" cried Jackie.

"Come and see it!" barked Peetie.

"A baby? At your house?" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily.

"Well, a little puppy dog," said Jackie. "That's the same to us as a real baby is to real persons."

"To be sure," agreed the bunny uncle. "I'll come over and see the new baby puppy," and putting on his tall silk hat, and taking down his red-white-and-blue-striped barber pole

rheumatism crutch from the electric light, Mr. Longears started away over the fields to the kennel house, where the Bow Wow dog family lived.

"There's the new baby puppy!" cried Jackie, as he poked away the straw from the bed where something was moving about.

"I—why, bless my spectacles—I can hardly see him!" said Uncle Wiggily, taking off his glasses to polish them, for he thought maybe he had splashed some carrot oatmeal on them at breakfast and that they were clouded over.

"He's so small, that's why you can't see him," spoke Peetie. "But he'll soon grow big like us, Uncle Wiggily."

"Let us hope so," spoke the bunny uncle. "He's so small now I'd be afraid of stepping on him if I lived here."

"He's got awful cute eyes," said Peetie. "They aren't open yet, but I can pull 'em apart a little bit to show you they're going to be blue color, I guess," and Peetie began opening the shut eyes of his little baby

brother puppy. Of course, the puppy whined and Mrs. Bow Wow called:

"Now, what are you boys doing to that baby?"

"Nothing, ma," answered Jackie.

"We're jest pokin' open his eyes so Uncle Wiggily can see 'em," answered Peetie.

"Oh, you doggie boys!" cried Mrs. Bow Wow. "You mustn't do that! I'm glad Uncle Wiggily came to see our baby, but now you run out and play, Peetie and Jackie, while I visit with Mr. Longears."

So the doggie boys ran out to play with Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and Mrs. Bow Wow told Uncle Wiggily what a nice baby Wuff-Wuff was. Wuff-Wuff was the new puppy's name.

"I'm sure he'll grow up to be a fine dog," said the bunny. Just then the telephone bell in the kennel house rang, and when Mrs. Bow Wow answered she said, after listening awhile:

"Oh, dear! This is your friend Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy talking to me. She wants me to come over to show her how to make a

strawberry longcake, as there is a lot of company coming for supper. A short cake won't be large enough."

"Are you going to my hollow stump bungalow?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I'd like to, only I can't leave Baby Wuff Wuff," said Mrs. Bow Wow.

"Oh, I'll stay and take care of him," said the bunny uncle. "I think I can do it, and it may be an adventure for me. Trot along, Mrs. Bow Wow."

"Very well, I will. If Wuff Wuff gets hungry, just give him some milk from this bottle," and she handed a nursing one to Uncle Wiggily. So Mrs. Bow Wow went over to help Nurse Jane, the muskrat lady housekeeper, make the longcake, and the bunny man stayed with the puppy baby.

Uncle Wiggily sat in the kennel house, while the little doggie nestled in the straw. The bunny rabbit was just wondering who the company could be that were coming to his bungalow, when, all of a sudden, there was a big noise outside the kennel, and a big voice cried:

“Now I know you’re in there, Uncle Wiggily, for I saw you hop in with Jackie and Peetie. And I know they’re gone, for I saw them go out. And I know Mrs. Bow Wow is out. So you’re there all alone and I’m going to get you!” And Uncle Wiggily saw the big skillery-scalery alligator standing outside the door.

“Oh, my!” thought the bunny rabbit gentleman. “He’ll surely get me this time, for he can knock the kennel house apart with one flip-flap of his double-jointed tail. But maybe, if I keep real still, he will think I’m gone.”

So Uncle Wiggily snuggled down in the straw with the baby puppy, but the alligator cried:

“Oh, I know you’re there, and I’m going to get you!”

“Oh, if only this puppy was a big, strong dog, like Nero!” thought Uncle Wiggily, “he could save me from the alligator.” Just then the puppy began to whine, and the bunny rabbit said:

“Oh, don’t do that, Wuff Wuff! Don’t

whine, and make a noise, or the alligator will get you, too."

But the puppy baby still whined, for he was hungry. Uncle Wiggily picked up a bottle and put the end of it in Wuff Wuff's mouth.

"Here, drink that," said the bunny. "Then you won't be hungry." The puppy baby did so, and then something very strange happened. The little puppy suddenly began growing very large. First he was the size of Mr. Bow Wow, and then he swelled up until he was as big as a horse, and had to get out of the kennel house for fear of bursting off the roof.

And when the alligator saw the great big puppy dog, like the one in Alice of Wonderland, suddenly standing in front of him, Mr. 'Gator just gave one flip of his tail, and away he ran crying:

"Oh, my! I didn't know an elephant was there to save Uncle Wiggily!"

But there wasn't. It was only the puppy who had suddenly grown big. For by mistake instead of giving him the bottle of milk, the

bunny rabbit gave him some of the water from the magical red-stoppered, big-growing bottle that Alice from Wonderland had sent the bunny. It had been mended after the croquet ball broke it. And, after the puppy had scared away the alligator, Uncle Wiggily gave Wuff Wuff some water from the magical blue-stoppered bottle and shrunk him to his regular baby size, and everybody was happy.

And if the fairy tale doesn't waggle itself all around the book case and scare all the big words out of the dictionary, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Unicorn.

CHAPTER XIX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE UNICORN

"Well, you look just as if you were going somewhere, Uncle Wiggily," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as the rabbit gentleman whizzed around the corner of his hollow stump bungalow in his automobile, with the bologna sausage tires, one morning.

"I am going somewhere," he answered, and really he was, for the wheels were whizzing around like anything.

"And going where, may I ask?" politely inquired the muskrat lady.

"I am going to give Alice a ride," answered Uncle Wiggily. "Alice from Wonderland, I mean. She never has ridden in an automobile."

"She never has?" cried Nurse Jane, in surprise.

"Never! You see, when she was put in that nice book, which tells so much about her,

there weren't any autos, and, of course, she never could have had a ride in one.

"But she had ever so many other nice adventures, such as going down the rabbit hole and through the looking glass. However, I promised her a ride in my auto, and here I go to give it to her," and with that Uncle Wiggily sprinkled some pepper and salt on the sausage tires of his auto's wheels to make them go faster.

The rabbit gentleman found Alice, the little book girl, in the White Queen's garden having a make-believe tea party with the Mock Turtle, who soon would have to go into the 5 o'clock soup.

"Oh, how kind of you to come for me, Uncle Wiggily!" cried Alice, and she jumped up so quickly that she overturned the multiplication table, at which she and the Mock Turtle had been sitting, and ran to jump in the auto.

"Well, I don't call that very nice," said the Mock Turtle. "Here she's gone and mixed up the seven times table with the three times six, and goodness knows when I'll ever get them straightened out again."

"I'm sorry!" called Alice, waving her hand as she rode off with Uncle Wiggily. "I'll help you when I come back."

"And I'll help too," promised the bunny uncle.

Mr. Longears and Wonderland Alice rode over the fields and through the woods, and they were having a fine time when, all of a sudden, as the automobile came near a place where some oak trees grew in a thick cluster Alice cried:

"Hark! They're fighting!"

"Who?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Please don't tell me it is the mosquito enemy coming after me to bite me."

"No, it's the Lion and the Unicorn," Alice answered. "Don't you remember how it goes in my book:

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting
for the Crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn all around the
town.
Some gave them white bread, some gave
them brown,

And then the funny Unicorn jumped right up and down.'

"That last line isn't just right," explained Alice to the bunny uncle, "but I couldn't properly think of it, I'm so frightened!"

"Frightened? At what" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"At the Unicorn," answered Alice. "Here he comes," and, as she said that, Uncle Wiggily saw a funny animal, like a horse, with a big long horn sticking out of the middle of his head, straight in front of him, galloping out of the clump of trees.

"Hurray! I beat him!" cried the Unicorn. "Come on now, quick, I must get away from here before they catch me!"

"You beat him? Do you mean beat the Lion?" asked Uncle Wiggily for he was not frightened as was Alice.

"Sure I beat him," answered the Unicorn, as he jumped into the back seat of the automobile. "Drive on!" he ordered just as if the bunny uncle gentleman were the coachman.

"Did you beat him very hard, with a broomstick?" asked Alice, putting out her head from behind Uncle Wiggily's tall silk hat where she had hidden herself.

"Beat him with a broomstick? Ha! Ha! I should say not!" laughed the Unicorn. "We're too jolly good friends for that," and he spoke like an English chap. "I beat him playing hop-Scotch and Jack-straws. I was two hops and three straws ahead of him when I stopped and ran away because they were after me."

"Who were after you?" asked Alice. "The lion's friends?"

"No, the straws that show which way the wind blows. When the wind blows the straws against me they tickle, and I can't bear to be tickled. I'm worse than a soap bubble that way. So I ran to get in the auto. I hope you don't mind," and the Unicorn leaned back on the seat cushions.

"Mind? Not in the least!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I'm glad to give you a ride with Alice," and he made the auto go very fast. On and on they went, over the fields and through the woods and then, all of a sudden,

out from behind a tree jumped the big skillery-scalery alligator walking on his hind legs and the end of his double-jointed tail.

"Halt!" he cried, like a sentry soldier, and Uncle Wiggily stopped the auto. "At last I have caught you," said the alligator in a nutmeg grater sort of a voice. "I want you, Uncle Wiggily, and that Alice girl also. As for your friend in the back seat, he may go—"

"Oh, may I? Thank you!" cried the Unicorn, and with that he leaned forward. And, as he did so the long sharp horn in his head reached over Uncle Wiggily's shoulder, and began to tickle the alligator right under his soft ribs.

"Oh, stop! Stop it, I tell you!" giggled the 'gator. "Stop tickling me!" and he laughed and wiggled and squirmed like an angle-worm going fishing.

"Stop! Stop!" he begged.

"I will when you let my friends, Uncle Wiggily and Alice, alone," said the Unicorn, still tickling away.

"Yes! Yes! I'll let them alone," promised the alligator, and he laughed until the tears

ran down his tail. And then he had to run off by himself through the woods, and so he didn't get the bunny uncle nor Wonderland Alice either. And he never could have gotten the Unicorn, because of his long, ticklish horn.

So it is sometimes a good thing to take one of these stickery chaps along when you go for an automobile ride. And if the skyrocket doesn't fall down and stub its nose when it tries to jump over the moon with the crumpled horn cow, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Humpty Dumpty.

CHAPTER XX.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND HUMPTY DUMPTY

"Excuse me," spoke a gentle voice behind Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, who was cleaning the steps of the hollow stump bungalow one morning. "Excuse me, but can Uncle Wiggily be out to play?"

"Be out to play?" repeated Nurse Jane. "Do you mean play with you?" and the muskrat lady turned to see a little girl, with flaxen hair, standing at the foot of the steps.

"Yes, play with me, if you please," said the little girl. "I'm Alice from Wonderland, you know, and Uncle Wiggily and I had such a jolly time yesterday, when the Unicorn tickled the alligator and made him laugh, that I'd like to go off with him again."

"With whom—the alligator?" asked Nurse Jane.

"No, with Uncle Wiggily," laughed Alice. "Where is he?"

"Here I am, Alice. I've just finished breakfast," answered the bunny rabbit gentleman himself, as he came out on the front bungalow steps. "Are you ready for another auto ride?"

"Indeed I am, thank you. And as tomorrow is a holiday I don't have any school today."

"That's funny," said Uncle Wiggily, twinkling his pink nose. "What holiday is it?"

"The Fourth of July!" answered Alice. "Have you forgotten? Even though I am an English girl I know what it means. Your boys and girls shoot off lollypops, bang ice cream cones and light red, white and blue candy."

"Candy? I guess you mean candles!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "However, you're right. It is the Fourth of July tomorrow, and whereas, years ago, we used to shoot off fire-crackers (when many children were burned), now we have a nicer holiday.

"We go off in the woods and gather flowers. Why, do you know!" cried the bunny uncle,

“there are flowers just right for Fourth of July. There are puff balls that are as good as torpedoes, and snap-dragons that open their mouths and make believe bite you, and there are dogwood flowers that bark, and red sumach which is just the color of firecrackers.”

“Then let’s go off in the woods and have Fourth of July there,” proposed Alice, and soon she and the bunny uncle were in the automobile. And then along came Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbit children, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dogs.

“Oh, Uncle Wiggily!” cried these animal boys and girls. “Take us with you for Fourth of July!”

“Of course I shall!” promised the bunny gentleman, so they all got in the automobile with him and Wonderland Alice, and away they went.

They had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, they came to a stone wall, and when Alice saw something on top of it, she cried:

“Why, there’s my old friend Humpty

Dumpty. I must stop and speak to him or he'll think I'm proud," and she waved her hands.

"Why, that—that's nothing but an—egg!" said Sammie. "It's like the ones I colored for Easter when the skilli-gimink dye splashed all over me. That isn't Humpty Dumpty at all—it's an egg!"

"Hush!" whispered Susie. "Humpty Dumpty is an egg, of course, but he doesn't like to be told of it. Don't you know the little verse?

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's
men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together
again.'"

"That's right," said Alice from Wonderland. "Only don't speak of the fall before Humpty. He doesn't like to be reminded of it."

"I don't see why," spoke Jackie Bow Wow.

"He can't hear a word we say. He's only an egg—he hasn't any ears."

"He really isn't dressed yet," said Alice. "It's a bit early. But I'll soon make him look more human."

With that she jumped out of the auto and, taking two ears of corn from a field nearby, she fastened them with silk from the cob, one on each side of the egg.

"Now he can hear," said Alice. Then with tulip flowers she made Humpty a mouth and from a potato she took two eyes, so the egg could see. A comb made him as nice teeth as one could wish for, and they never ached, and for a nose she took out a cute little bottle of perfumery.

"I think that's a queer nose," said Johnnie Bushytail, frisking his tail.

"Well, a bottle of perfumery smells, doesn't it?" asked Alice, "and that's what a nose is especially for; smells."

"Indeed it is!" cried Humpty Dumpty in his jolly voice, speaking through the tulips. "I'm all made now. I only hope—" And then he suddenly turned pale, for he nearly fell off

the wall. "Has any one any powder?" he asked. "I think I'd like to clean my teeth."

"I have some talcum," spoke Lulu Wobblewobble, the duck girl, coming along just then.

"That will do," spoke Humpty Dumpty. "It will be just fine." And with a brush made from the end of a soft fern he began to clean his teeth with the talcum powder which Lulu gave him.

And then, all of a sudden, there was a loud noise, a puff of smoke, and Humpty Dumpty, the egg man, was seen sailing off through the air like a big white balloon.

"Well, this is better than falling off the wall!" he cried in a faint voice.

"Oh, my! What happened?" asked Sammie Littletail, trying to make his pink nose twinkle as Uncle Wiggily did his.

"Humpty Dumpty was blown up instead of falling down," said Alice. "I guess your talcum powder was too strong for him, Lulu, my dear. And it being the Fourth of July tomorrow, Humpty wanted to give us some fireworks. So he's gone, but I'm glad he wasn't broken, for if he was the way the book has it,

when he falls off the wall, all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put him together again. Maybe it is best as it is."

But, after a while Humpty Dumpty sailed back again, not hurt a bit, and he sat on the wall as well as ever.

Then Alice and Uncle Wiggily and the animal boys and girls had fun in the woods. And, if the pink pills don't hide in the green bottle and pretend they're peppermint candy for the rag doll, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the looking glass.

CHAPTER XXI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LOOKING GLASS

"A package came for you while you were out adventuring today," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, to Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, as he hopped down the stairs of the hollow stump bungalow to breakfast one morning.

"I wonder what's in it?" asked the bunny as he put a slice of carrot jam on his bread and held it over the lettuce coffee to have it flavored.

"I don't know. You'll have to open it to find out," answered Nurse Jane. "It is marked 'Glass. With Care.'"

Uncle Wiggily was so eager and excited like that he could not wait to finish his breakfast, but quickly opened the package which Mr. Hummingbird, the lightning express messenger, had left at the bungalow early that morning.

"It's a looking glass!" exclaimed the bunny uncle when he saw what it was. "And it's from Alice in Wonderland—at least she used to live in Wonderland before she came to Woodland to have adventures with me."

"And there's a note with it," spoke Nurse Jane, as she saw a piece of white birch bark, with writing on it; the letters having been made with a burned stick which marks black like a lead pencil.

"Yes, it's a little letter," said Uncle Wiggily as he read it. "And it's from Alice. It says: 'Dear Uncle Wiggily: I send you the Looking Glass I once went through, and on the other side I had many adventures. I wish you the same!'"

"That's queer," said the bunny, as he turned the glass over and looked at the back. "I don't see any hole where Alice went through."

"Maybe it closed up after her, the same as fairy doors always close once you pass through," explained Nurse Jane.

"I believe you are right," said Uncle Wiggily. "But this is a very small glass for a

girl like Alice to get through," and indeed the glass was one of the kind you hold in your hand.

"Maybe the glass was larger when Alice went through it," said Nurse Jane, "or else perhaps she had taken some drops from the magic bottle and grew small like a rubber doll."

"I guess that was it," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "Anyhow, it is very kind of her to send me the looking glass. I may have an adventure with it. I'll take it out on the front steps and then we'll see what happens next."

So, having finished his breakfast, the bunny went out on the bungalow porch and sat with the looking glass in his paw, waiting for something to happen.

He sat there and sat there and sat there and he was just beginning to wonder if anything would happen, when, all of a sudden, there was a rustling in the bushes, and up on the porch popped a bad old skillery-scalery alligator, with bumps all down the middle of his back like the buttons on a lady's dress.

"Ah, ha! I am just in time, I see!" exclaimed the 'gator.

"For what?" asked Uncle Wiggily, suddenly awakening, for he had fallen into a little sleep while he waited for an adventure to happen with the looking glass. "In time for what?"

"To go away with you," answered the alligator.

"But I am not going away," said the bunny. "At least I did not know I was going," and he looked around rather sad and lonesome, for he did not like the bad alligator, and he wanted to see, Uncle Wiggily did, if brave Nurse Jane Fuzzy would not come out and throw cold water on him—on the alligator, I mean—to drive him away. But the muskrat lady had gone to the store to get some cheese for supper.

"I am not going away," said Uncle Wiggily again.

"Oh, yes you are!" exclaimed the alligator, and he smiled in such a way that it seemed as though the whole top of his head would pop off, so large was the smile. "You may

not know it, but you are going away, Uncle Wiggily."

"With whom?" asked the bunny.

"With me," answered the 'gator. "We are going away together. I came on purpose to fetch you. Come along," and with that the bad alligator wound his double-jointed tail around the bunny uncle's ears, lifted him out of the rocking chair and started to walk off the bungalow porch with him.

"Oh, stop it!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Let me go! Let me go!"

"No! No!" barked the alligator, like a dog. "I'll not let you go, now I have you!" and he started to drag the bunny uncle off to the dark, damp, dismal swamp, where the mosquitoes lived with the tent caterpillars.

"Oh, please don't take me away!" begged the bunny. "I wish some one would help me!" and as he said that the alligator gave him a sudden twist and the looking glass, which Uncle Wiggily still held in his paw, came around in front of the alligator's face.

And, no sooner had the 'gator looked in the glass than he gave a loud cry, and, unwind-

ing his tail from Uncle Wiggily, away the bad creature scurried, leaving the bunny alone and safe. And the alligator cried:

“Oh, excuse me! I didn’t mean anything! I’ll be good! I won’t hurt Uncle Wiggily!”

“Well, I wonder what frightened him away?” asked Uncle Wiggily, out loud.

“Seeing himself in the looking glass,” was the answer, and there stood Alice from Wonderland. “That is a magical mirror I sent you, Uncle Wiggily,” she explained. “It shows the reflection of anything and anybody just as they are and not as they’d like to be.

“And the alligator is such a mean-looking and ugly chap, that, never before having seen himself, this time when he did, in the looking glass, he was frightened, seeing himself as others see him. He thought he was looking at a Chinese dragon who would bite him. So he ran away, leaving you alone.”

“And I’m so glad he did,” said Uncle Wiggily. “It’s a good thing I had your looking glass.”

Then Alice and Uncle Wiggily had a good time, and if the clothes pin doesn’t pinch the

pillow case so hard that it tickles the bed-spread and makes it sneeze all the feathers out, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the White Queen.

CHAPTER XXII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE WHITE QUEEN

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods one day, wondering if he would have an adventure with Alice of Wonderland or some of her friends, when, all of a sudden, coming to a place where a rail fence ran along among the trees he saw, caught in a crack of one of the rails by its legs, a white butterfly.

The poor butterfly was fluttering its wings, trying to pull out its legs, but it had to pull very gently, for a butterfly's leg, you know, is very tender and easily broken, like a piece of spider-web.

"Oh, my!" cried kind Uncle Wiggily, when he saw what was the matter. "You are in trouble, aren't you? I'm glad I happened to come along."

"Why are you glad; to see me in trouble?" asked the white butterfly.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the bunny uncle. "But I want to help you."

"Well, I wish you would," went on the fluttering creature. "I've tried and tried again to get my poor leg loose, but I can't. And I'm on my way—oh, but I forgot. That part is a secret!" quickly said the butterfly.

"Well, then, don't tell me," spoke Uncle Wiggily with a laugh, "for I might not be very good at keeping secrets. But I'll soon have your leg loose."

With that he took the small end of his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch that Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk and putting the little end of his crutch in the crack of the rail fence, Uncle Wiggily gave a hard push, opened the crack wider, and soon the butterfly's leg was loose and she could fly away.

"But first I must thank you, Uncle Wiggily," she said. "And as you did me so great a favor I want to do you one in return. Not now, perhaps, as I am in a hurry, but later. So if ever you find you want something you can't get, just come to these woods and say a

little verse. Then you shall have your wish."

"What verse shall I say?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"This," answered the butterfly." Then she recited:

"When the wind blows in the trees,
Making perfume for the breeze,
Will you grant to me this boon,
That my wish may come true soon?"

"And what then?" asked the bunny.

"Then," answered the butterfly, "you must whisper your wish to a green leaf and—well, we'll see what happens next."

"Thank you," said Uncle Wiggily, and then he hopped on through the woods while the butterfly fluttered away.

Uncle Wiggily had no adventure that day, but when he reached home to his hollow stump bungalow he found his muskrat lady housekeeper in the kitchen looking quite sad and blue.

"Well, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy!" cried the jolly bunny uncle. "Whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, I have broken my nice gold and

diamond dishpan, and I can't do any more kitchen work until it is mended. I can't wash the dishes nor get you any supper."

"Oh, never mind about that," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll take the diamond dishpan down to the five and ten cent store and have them mend it for you. Where is it?"

Nurse Jane gave it to him. The pan had a big crack right across the middle. The muskrat lady said it had fallen to the floor and had broken when she went to get Jackie Bow Wow, the little puppy dog boy a slice of bread and jam.

"I'll soon have it fixed for you," said Uncle Wiggily. But it was more easily said than done. The five and ten cent store was closed because every one was on a picnic, and no one else could mend the dishpan.

"Never mind, I'll buy Nurse Jane a new one and say nothing about it," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll surprise her."

But this, too, was more easily said than done. In all Woodland, where Uncle Wiggily and the animal folk lived, there was not an-

other gold and diamond dishpan to be had. They were all sold.

“Oh, dear! What shall I do?” thought Uncle Wiggily. “Nurse Jane will be so unhappy!” Then he happened to think of the white butterfly and what she had told him. So, taking the dishpan, he went to the wood where he had helped the fluttering creature and whispered to a leaf the little verse:

“When the wind blows in the trees,
Making perfume for the breeze,
Will you grant to me this boon,
That my wish may come true soon?”

“Well, what is your wish?” asked a sudden voice.

“I wish Nurse Jane’s gold and diamond dishpan to be mended,” said Uncle Wiggily.

Instantly something white came fluttering down out of a tree, and the bunny saw it was the white butterfly. And then, all of a sudden, before he could count up to sixteen thousand, the white butterfly seemed to fade away and in its place was a beautiful White

Queen, seated on a golden throne with a diamond crown on her head.

"You shall have your wish, Uncle Wiggily," she said. "Give me the dishpan."

"Why—why!" exclaimed the bunny. "You are—you are—"

"I am the White Queen from Alice in Wonderland," was the answer, "and I will ask you a riddle. When you take the dishes out of the pan what remains?"

"Nothing," answered the bunny.

"Wrong," answered the White Queen. "The water does. Now I'll mend this for you." And she did, taking some gold from her throne and some diamonds from her crown to mend the broken dishpan.

Soon Nurse Jane's pan was as good as ever and she could wash the dishes in it.

"Thank you," said Uncle Wiggily. "But how is it you are a queen and a butterfly, too?"

"Oh, we Queens lead a sort of butterfly existence," said the White Queen. "But I must go now, for I have to find the tarts for the Queen of Hearts who is always losing hers."

Then, changing herself into a white butterfly again, the Queen flew away, and Uncle Wiggily, with the mended dish pan, hopped on to his hollow stump bungalow, where he and Nurse Jane were soon having a nice supper and were very happy.

And if the potato masher doesn't go to the moving pictures and step on the toes of the egg beater I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Red Queen.

CHAPTER XXIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE RED QUEEN

Once upon a time, when Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was out walking in the woods, he stopped beside a little hole in the ground near a pile of oak tree leaves, and listening, when the wind stopped blowing, he heard a little voice saying:

"Oh, but where can she be? I fear she is lost! Little Crawlle is lost!"

"My! That's too bad," thought Uncle Wiggily. "Somebody's little girl is lost. I must ask if I cannot help find her." So he called:

"Oh, ho, there! May I have the pleasure of helping you in your trouble, whoever you are?"

"But who are you?" asked a voice that seemed to come out of the little hole in the ground.

"I am Uncle Wiggily Longears," answered the bunny. "You can easily see me, but I

can't see you. And who is this Crawlle who is lost?"

"She is my little girl," was the answer, and up the hole in the ground came crawling a red ant lady, who was crying tear drops about as large as that part of a pin point which you can't see but can only feel.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I couldn't imagine who would live in such a little house, but of course ants can. And now what about Crawlle?"

"She is my little girl," answered the red ant. "I sent her to the store about an hour ago to get a loaf of sand bread, but she hasn't come back and I'm sure something has happened her."

"Let us hope not," spoke Uncle Wiggily, softly. "I'll go at once and look for her. Have no fear, Mrs. Ant. I'll find Crawlle for you. It is rather a queer name."

"Crawlle is called that because she crawls in such a funny way," said Mrs. Ant. "Oh, dear! I hope she is all right. If she should happen to have fallen down a crack in a peach stone she'd never get out."

"I'll find her," said Uncle Wiggily, bravely.

So off started the bunny uncle, hopping on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch over the fields and through the woods, looking for Crawlle.

He had not gone very far before he heard a small voice calling:

"Help! Help! Oh, will no one help me?"

"Yes, of course, I will!" answered the bunny, and then he saw an acorn which seemed to be moving along the ground in a queer way.

"Ha! Can it be that this acorn is alive?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "And can that acorn want help?" he cried.

"No, it is I—Crawlle, the ant girl—under the acorn," was the answer, "and I want help, for I'm in such trouble."

"What kind?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "What's the trouble?"

"Why, I'm caught under this acorn here and I can't get out," was the answer, and Crawlle's voice sounded as though she had gone down cellar to get a crumb of apple and couldn't find her way back again. "I went

under the acorn shell, which is empty," said the little ant girl, "and though it was nicely propped up on one side when I crawled in, it was blown over by the wind and I was held beneath it. Oh, dear! I can't get out and go to the store for the loaf of sand bread!"

"Oh, yes you can!" cried jolly Uncle Wiggily. "I'll lift the acorn shell off you and let you out."

So he did, easily picking up the empty oak tree acorn from where it was covering Crawlle, and then the little ant girl, who was red, just like her mother, could walk about.

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Wiggily," she said. "If ever we ants can do you a favor we will."

"Oh, pray do not mention it," spoke Uncle Wiggily, modest-like and shy. Then Crawlle hurried on to the sand bread store and the bunny hopped along over the fields and through the woods.

He had not gone very far before he met a poor old June bug gentleman, and the June bug seemed very sad and unhappy.

"What is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily.



"Lots," was the answer. "You see it is now time, being July, for June bugs like myself to get in their winter wood so we will not freeze in the cold weather. But I hurt my legs, banging into an electric light one night, and I'm so lame and stiff that I can't gather any wood at all. I shall freeze, I know I shall!" and the June bug gentleman was more sad than ever.

"Oh, cheer up!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "There is plenty of wood under these trees. I'll help you gather it."

"There is no need to do that," said another voice, and, looking up, Uncle Wiggily and the June bug saw, sitting on a green mossy log, a Red Queen wearing a golden crown.

"Oh!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily in surprise. "You are—"

"I am the Red Queen from Alice in Wonderland," interrupted the lady on the log. "I was also the red ant lady who was crying and also Crawlle, the red ant girl. You were so kind to me when you thought I was only a crawling insect that now, when I have changed myself into a Red Queen, I want to

help you. And I know I can best help you by helping this June bug friend of yours."

"Indeed, you can!" said Uncle Wiggily, thankful like.

"I thought so," spoke the Red Queen. "Watch!"

With that she waved her magic wand, and, instantly, ten million red, white and black ants came crawling out of old logs from holes in the ground and from under piles of leaves, and each ant took up a little stick of wood and carried it into the June bug's house for him, so he had plenty of wood for all winter, and couldn't freeze.

"There you are, Uncle Wiggily!" laughed the Red Queen. "One kindness, you see, makes another," and then she got in her golden chariot and drove away, and when the June bug gentleman had thanked him, and the ants had crawled home, the bunny himself went to his hollow stump bungalow very happy.

And if the looking glass doesn't make faces at the hairbrush and knock the teeth out of

the comb so it can't have fun and bite the talcum powder, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Tweedledum.

CHAPTER XXIV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND TWEEDLEDUM

“Are you in, Uncle Wiggily?” asked a voice at the hollow stump bungalow one morning, and the rabbit gentleman looked up to see Alice from Wonderland standing on the door sill.

“Yes, of course I’m in, my dear,” he answered. “Can’t you see me?”

“I can’t be sure of anything I see,” answered the little girl with flaxen hair, “especially since I’ve been having so many queer adventures. I used to think I saw the Cheshire cat, when it was only his grin smiling at me. And maybe now I’m only looking at your ears, or tall silk hat, and thinking it’s you.”

“No, I’m here all right,” answered the bunny. “Is there anything I can do for you?”

“Yes,” answered Alice. “I’d like you to come for a walk with me. I haven’t much

longer time to stay with you, and I want to have all the fun I can."

"Are you going away?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I have very soon to go back in the book where I belong," answered Alice. "But no matter. Come now, and we'll go look for an adventure."

So Alice and Uncle Wiggily started off over the fields and through the woods, and they had not gone very far before they suddenly heard, among the trees, some voices crying:

"You did it!"

"No, I didn't!"

"Yes, you did; you know you did!"

"No, I didn't! I know I didn't!"

"Well, we'll have to have a battle, anyhow!"

And then came a sound as if some one was beating a carpet with a fishing pole and voices cried:

"Oh! Oh, dear! Ouch! Oh, how it hurts!"

"My, what in the world can that be?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "It sounds like an adventure all right."

"I think it is," answered Alice. "It's prob-

ably Tweedledum and Tweedledee fighting.”

“Fighting? Tweedledee and Tweedledum?” asked the surprised bunny.

“Oh, it’s only in fun,” laughed Alice, “and they have to do it because it’s that way in the book, for if they didn’t things wouldn’t come out right. Yes, there they are.” And she pointed off through the trees, where Uncle Wiggily saw two round, fat, little boys, dressed exactly the same, and looking so like one another that no one could tell them apart, except when they were together—just like twins, you know.

“Oh, I’m so glad to see you!” called Alice to the two queer fat chaps. They were as round as barrels, both of them. Uncle Wiggily noticed that on the collar of one was the word DUM, while on the other was the word DEE.

“Tweedle, the rest of their name, is on the back of their collars,” Alice explained. “As it’s the same for both, they didn’t need it in front.”

Then the fat boys turned around, like tops slowly spinning, and, surely enough, on the

back of the white collar of each were letters spelling TWEEDLE.

"I'm glad to see you," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I heard you—sort of—er—well, you know," he went on, diffident-like, not wishing to say he had heard the brothers quarreling.

"Oh, it's all right, we do that every day," said Tweedledee.

"And, contrariwise, twice on Sunday," added Tweedledum. "We have to for the verse about us says:

" 'Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

" 'Just then down flew a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.' "

"Only we weren't really frightened," said Tweedledee. "We just made believe so, and laughed at the crow. And I didn't really spoil Tweedledum's nice new rattle, for here

it is now," and taking his arm down from around his brother's neck he took the rattle from his pocket and shook it, making a noise like a drum.

And, just as he did that, all of a sudden, out from behind a big stump came—not a monstrous crow, but the bad old skillery-scalery alligator, who cried:

"Ah, ha! At last I have him! Now I'll get that Uncle Wiggily Longears chap! Ah, ha!" and he made a grab for the gentleman bunny.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alice. "Please don't hurt Uncle Wiggily!"

"Yes, I shall!" snapped the 'gator. "I'll bumble him and mumble him, that's what I'll do."

"Oh, no you won't!" exclaimed Tweedledum, wabbling toward the alligator as Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, waddled when he walked.

"I won't what?" asked the 'gator.

"You won't bumble or mumble Uncle Wiggily. First you have to catch me!"

"Pooh! That's easily done," snapped the

alligator. "You are so fat that you can't run any more than a rubber ball."

"Will you promise to let Uncle Wiggily alone until you catch me?" asked Tweedledum, eagerly.

"I promise," said the alligator smiling to himself, for he thought he could easily catch the fat twin, and his promise wouldn't count.

"Then here I go! Catch me!" suddenly cried Tweedledum. And with that he stretched out on the ground and began to roll down hill in the woods.

And as he was fat and round he rolled as fast as a rubber ball, and he rolled so fast (ever so much faster than if he had run) that when the alligator raced after him, as he had promised he would do, why the bad double-jointed skillery-scalery creature got all out of breath and couldn't bumble or mumble a strawberry, to say nothing of Uncle Wiggily. And the 'gator didn't catch the fat boy either.

So Tweedledum, rolling down hill that way, which he could do much better than walking or running, saved the bunny uncle from the

alligator, and Mr. Longears was very glad, and so was Alice.

And if the knife and fork don't go to the candy store, just when supper is ready, and make the spoon holder wait for them before eating the ice cream, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Tweedledee.

CHAPTER XXV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND TWEEDLEDEE

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" cried a voice, as the old rabbit gentleman started out from his hollow stump bungalow one morning to walk in the woods and look for an adventure. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily, be careful!"

"Be careful of what, if you please, and who are you, if I may ask?" politely inquired the bunny.

"I am your friend Alice, from Wonderland," was the answer, "and I want you to be careful and not get hurt today."

"I always am careful," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I look for cabbage and turnip traps wherever I go, and I never pick up a bit of carrot on the Woodland path without first making sure there is no string fast to it, to catch me. What do you mean, Alice?" he asked the little flaxen-haired girl as she came out of the bushes and sat down on the stoop

of the hollow stump bungalow. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know just what I do mean, Uncle Wiggily," said Alice. "But last night I dreamed you were in trouble and I could not help you. I felt so sorry! As soon as I woke up this morning I hurried over to tell you to be careful."

"Oh, I'll be careful," promised the bunny gentleman. "But in your dream did no one help me?"

"Yes, after a while two funny little fat boys did," answered Alice. "But I don't remember that part of my dream. However, if you are going for a walk I'll go with you and do what I can in case the Jabberwocky or the Hop Scotch bird try to chase you."

"The Hop Scotch isn't a bird," said Uncle Wiggily, with a laugh that made his pink nose twinkle like the strawberry on top of a cheese cake. "It's a bit of candy."

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! It's a game!" cried Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl, coming out from behind a stump just then. "It's a game where you jump around on the pavement, and

if you and Alice are going to play it, please may I watch you?"

"We aren't going to play," said Alice. "It's long past play time."

"I am going to look for an adventure," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Then, please, may I come?" begged Susie. "I'll help look."

"Come along!" cried jolly Uncle Wiggily and soon the three of them were on their way through the woods.

They had not gone very far, over the paths with the big green ferns on either side, when, all of a onceness out from behind a big log jumped the two bad old skillery-scalery alligators, one with the humps on his tail and the other with his tail all double-jointed, so he could wiggle it seven ways from Sunday.

"Ah, ha!" cried the hump-tailed 'gator.

"Ha, ha!" cried the double-jointed one. "At last we have caught you!" and they both made a grab for the rabbit gentleman, one catching him on the left side and the other on the right, and holding him fast.

"Oh!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Oh, dear! Please let me go!"

"No!" snapped the first 'gator. And "No!" snapped the second, both flapping their tails.

"Oh, this is my dream! This is my dream!" said Alice, sadly. "But where are the two fat boys that saved Uncle Wiggily. Where are they?"

"Here is one, if you please," answered a voice, and out stepped Tweedledee, the queer little fat chap from the Alice in Wonderland book. "I'll help you, Uncle Wiggily."

"Thank you, very much," spoke the rabbit gentleman. "If you would kindly make these alligators let me go—"

"Pooh! Huh! Humph! What! Him make us let you go? Well, I should say NOT!" sniffed the first alligator.

"The very idea" sneered the second. "It will take a great deal more than one fat boy to make us let go of a nice, fat, juicy rabbit once we have caught him. Certainly NOT!"

"Ahem! How about TWO fat boys?" suddenly asked another voice, and there stood another beside Tweedledee, a fat boy, who

looked just the same exactly; even as you seem to yourself when you peek at your reflection in the bath room mirror.

"No, we won't let you go for two fat boys, either," said the double-jointed alligator, while Alice murmured:

"Oh, this is my dream! This is my dream! I wish I could remember how it came out!"

"Was Uncle Wiggily saved?" asked Susie Littletail in a whisper.

"Yes," said Alice.

"Then it's all right," spoke the rabbit girl.

"Let Uncle Wiggily go!" cried Tweedledee in his most grown-up sort of voice.

"Yes, let him go at once!" added Tweedledum.

"No, indeed!" snapped both alligators together like twins, only, of course, they weren't.

"Well, then, went on Tweedledee, "don't you dare to take away or hurt him unless you guess which are our names. Now tell me truly who am I? And, remember, if you don't guess right, you can't have Uncle Wiggily!"

"You are Tweedledum," said the hump-tailed 'gator.

"No, he is Tweedledee," said the other 'gator. "The one standing next to him is Tweedledum. I guess I ought to know!"

"You're wrong," said the humptailed 'gator. "The one I saw first is Tweedledum. I guess I ought to know!"

"I know better!" the double-jointed alligator declared. "He is Tweedledee!"

"Tweedledum!" shouted the other 'gator.

"Tweedledee!" snapped his chum. And then they both began disputing, calling each other names, and throwing mud at one another, until, finally, they were so mixed up about Tweedledum and Tweedledee that they let go of Uncle Wiggily and began shaking their claws at one another, so the rabbit gentleman and Alice and Susie (as well as the two fat boys who looked exactly alike) ran safely away and the bunny was saved, just as Alice had dreamed.

"And to think, if the alligators had only looked at our collars, they would have seen our right names," Tweedledum laughed.

"Of course," said Tweedledee.

But everything came out all right and the alligators only had sawdust for supper. And if the wash lady doesn't take my best collar button to fasten the tablecloth to the ironing board in the clothes basket, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the pool of tears.

CHAPTER XXVI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE TEAR POOL

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice rabbit gentleman, was out walking in the woods one day, wondering what sort of an adventure he would have when he saw a little path, leading away from his hollow stump bungalow, and it seemed to go through a part of the forest in which he had never before been.

"I'll take that path and see where it leads," said the bunny gentleman to himself.

So, taking a piece of ribbon grass, which grew near a clump of ferns, he tied his tall silk hat firmly on his head, leaving his ears sticking out of the holes at the top, and tucking under his paw his red, white and blue striped barber pole rheumatism crutch that Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk, away started Uncle Wiggily.

It was a nice warm summer day, and before the old gentleman bunny had gone very

far he began to feel thirsty, just as you do when you go on a picnic and eat pickles, only I hope you don't eat too many of them.

"I wonder if there is not a spring of water around here?" thought Uncle Wiggily, and he began to look about under the low branches of the trees and bushes, at the same time listening for the laughing murmur of a brook flowing over green, mossy stones.

Then Uncle Wiggily sniffed with his pink, twinkling nose until it looked like a chicken picking up corn.

"Ah, ha!" cried the bunny uncle, "I smell water!" for you know animals and birds can smell water when they cannot see it, in which they are more gifted than are we.

So Uncle Wiggily sniffed and sniffed, and then, holding his pink, twinkling nose straight in front of him and letting it go on ahead, instead of lagging behind, he followed it until it led him straight to a little pool of water that was sparkling in the sun, while green moss ferns and bushes grew all around.

“Oh, what a fine spring!” cried the bunny, “And how thirsty I am!”

Mr. Longears, which I call him when first I introduce him to any strangers—Mr. Longears was just going to take a long drink from the pool, or spring, when he happened to notice a little piece of white birch bark tied with a bit of grass to a fern that grew near the water.

“Ha! I wonder if that is a notice not to trespass, or not to fish or hunt, and to keep off the grass, or no admittance except on business or something like that?” thought Uncle Wiggily, as he put on his glasses to see if there was any writing on the birch bark, which animal folk use as we use paper. And there was some writing on the bark. It read:

“Please do not jump in, or drink until I come. Alice from Wonderland.”

“Ha! That is strange,” thought Uncle Wiggily. “Alice must have been here and put up that sign. But I wonder why she did it? If she knew how warm and thirsty I was she would not make me wait until she came to

get a drink. Perhaps it is all a joke, and not her writing at all. One of the bad skillery-scalery alligators or the fuzzy fox may have put up the sign to fool me.”

But when the rabbit gentleman took a second look at the birch bark sign he saw that it really was Alice’s writing.

“Well, she must have some reason for it,” said the bunny, with a sigh. “She dreamed right about two fat boys—Tweedledum and Tweedledee—saving me from the alligators, so she must have some reason for asking me to wait until she comes. But I am very thirsty.”

Uncle Wiggily sat down on the green, mossy bank beside the spring of water and looked at it. And it seemed so cool and wet, and he was so thirsty, that it was all he could do to keep from jumping in and having a bath, as well as drinking all he wanted.

The sun grew hotter and more hot, and the rabbit gentleman more and more thirsty, and he didn’t know what to do when, all of a sudden, out from the bushes jumped a bad old black bear.

"Ah, ha!" growled the bear. "I am just in time, I see!" and he ran his red tongue over his white teeth as though giving it a trolley ride in a baby carriage.

"In time for what?" asked Uncle Wiggily, casual like and make-believe indifferent.

"In time for lunch," answered the bear. "I was afraid I'd be a little late. I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

"For my lunch?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"No. For MINE!" and once more the bear smacked his lips hungry like. "I am just in time, I see."

"Oh, I thought you meant you were just in time to take a drink of this water," said the bunny, pointing at the pool. "If you did, you aren't."

"If I did I aren't? What kind of talk is that?" asked the bear, curious like.

"I mean we can't have a drink until Alice comes—the sign says so," spoke Uncle Wiggily, politely.

"Pooh! I don't believe in signs," snapped the bear. "I'm thirsty and I'm going to have a drink," and with that he took a long one

from the woodland pool. And then a funny thing happened.

The bear began to grow smaller and smaller. First he was the size of a dog, then of a cat, then of a kitten, then he shrank to the littleness of a mouse, and next he was like a June bug. Then he became a July bug, next he was no larger than a little black ant, and finally he became a microbe, and Uncle Wiggily couldn't see him at all.

"Well, thank goodness he's gone!" said the bunny. "But what made him so shrinking like I wonder?"

"It was the pool of tears," said a voice behind the bunny, and there stood Alice from Wonderland. "This pool is sour alum water, Uncle Wiggily," she said, "and if you drink it you shrink and shrivel up and blow away. That's why I put up the sign so nothing would happen to you. I knew about the pool, as it's in my story book. And now we can go have some funny adventures."

And away they went over the hills and far away and that bear was never seen again. But if your cat doesn't catch the ice cream

cone in the mosquito net and feed it to the goldfish, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily having some more adventures. He did not have any with Alice for a while, as the little girl with the flaxen hair had to take a trip through the Looking Glass. But the bunny uncle had some strange things happen to him. As it was war time in Animal Land he had to fight, and you may read all about it in the next half of this book.

END OF PART I.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND ALICE
IN WONDERLAND

PART II.

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CHAPTER I

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE FLAG

"Hip! Hip! Hurray!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"Three cheers and another one!"

Out in front of the hollow stump bungalow of Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, a crowd of boy and girl animals were shouting and cheering.

"My! My! What's it all about?" asked Dr. Possum as he came along with his bag of pills and powders on his tail, where opossums carry everything. "What has happened?"

"Uncle Wiggily has just raised a flag, on account of the war," said Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, "and we're all cheering because we're so glad we live in a flag country. We're all going to have a flag, too."

"Fine!" cried the animal doctor, "but I didn't hear anything about a war. I've been

too busy curing the Woodland folk of the epizootic, I suppose.”

“You didn’t hear about the war?” exclaimed surprised Sammie Littletail, the rabbit, who had cheered so hard that his pink nose was going in and out like an accordion when the circus elephant plays fast music on it. “Why!” cried Sammie, “the mosquitoes have gone to war against us, and Uncle Wiggily has hoisted his flag to show he isn’t afraid. Hip! Hip! Hurray! Bang! Bang! Shoot off the gun!”

“Ha! That’s what I say, too!” exclaimed Dr. Possum. “Well, I’m not afraid of mosquitoes, either. I have, in my medicine bag, some talcum powder to shoot them, and if they bite me or any of my friends I’ll put some witch hazel on the bites. Still, I’ll raise a flag, too, in front of my house,” and away hurried Dr. Possum to do that.

As for Uncle Wiggily, he and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, looked at the red, white and blue flag as it waved in the wind on top of a pole over the hollow stump bungalow, and Uncle Wiggily

took off his tall silk hat and made a low bow to the banner, for one must always salute the flag.

"Dr. Possum is going to have a flag at his house, too," said little Squeaky Eeky, the little cousin mouse. "He was just here looking at yours and he's going to raise one, too."

"Fine!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I must take a little walk over and see Dr. Possum's flag, and perhaps, on the way, I may have an adventure—who knows?"

So, after he had seen that his flag was beautifully waving in the breeze, Uncle Wiggily, taking his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch that Nurse Jane had gnawed for him out of a corn stalk, started off over the fields and through the woods to see Dr. Possum's flag.

The old rabbit gentleman had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, out from under some bushes in the forest flew a lot of enemy mosquitoes.

They pitched on Uncle Wiggily, going to war against him, and biting him on his legs, his ears and even on his pink twinkling nose.

"Oh, my! What shall I do?" cried the bunny uncle, switching about with his crutch. I wish Alice in Wonderland could come and help me, but I suppose she is too busy playing croquet with the Red Queen. But I wish someone would come," and Uncle Wiggily cried: "Help! Help! I am attacked by the mosquitoes!" and though his crutch was colored like a flag, still the mosquitoes did not fly away from it.

Uncle Wiggily was getting pretty badly bitten when, all at once, a voice down in among the ferns at his feet said:

"Uncle Wiggily, if you will pick some of me, and rub me on your ears, nose and whiskers, the mosquitoes will let you alone."

"Will they? And who are you that you can do this?" asked the bunny.

"I am the pennyroyal plant, growing here in the woods," was the answer. "The mosquitoes do not like my perfume and run away when they smell it."

"Then they shall right soon smell it!" cried the brave uncle rabbit soldier. So he picked some of the pennyroyal plant, which has a

nice odor, I think, and when he had rubbed some of the leaves on his fur coat, Uncle Wiggily saw the mosquito army flying away.

"Bizz! Buzz! Bass!" sounded the mosquito trumpeter. "Back up! Retreat! Uncle Wiggily's pennyroyal is too strong for us! Come away! We cannot bite or fight him!"

So the mosquito army flew away, and Uncle Wiggily thanked the pennyroyal plant. Then, seeing some blue and white violets growing down in among the leaves, the bunny uncle picked a bouquet of them.

"I'll take the flowers to Nurse Jane after I've seen Dr. Possum's flag," said Mr. Longears. Then Uncle Wiggily saw some red flowers, growing in the woods, and he picked them also. "They will make a much better bouquet for Nurse Jane," said he.

A little while after that the bunny uncle came to Dr. Possum's house, and looking up at the pole, he expected to see a fine flag flying. But, instead, there was only some jagged strips and streamers of rags blowing in the wind.

"Why, how is this?" asked Uncle Wiggily, in surprise.

"Oh, something dreadful happened!" cried Dr. Possum. "I just hoisted a nice new flag when, all at once along came a big army of mosquitoes and with their sharp bills they tore the red, white and blue banner all to pieces, leaving it ragged as you see it. And now, alas, I have no flag!"

Uncle Wiggily thought for a minute. Then he cried:

"Ha! I have it! We'll make a banner of these flowers. The blue violets will be the stars, the red and white flowers will be the stripes, and with them we'll put in some pennyroyal to keep away the mosquitoes!"

So Uncle Wiggily and Dr. Possum did this, hoisting to the top of the pole the flower flag of red, white and blue. They cried "Hurray!" as the bunch of blossoms fluttered in the breeze, and not a mosquito dared come near.

Then Uncle Wiggily hurried to the store to get a new cloth flag for Dr. Possum, and to that they also tied some leaves of the pennyroyal plant so the mosquitoes had to

keep away. And soon the mosquito battle was over for a little while anyhow, Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel, and all the other animal boys, shooting the buzzing bugs away with tooth powder and bean bag bullets. And merrily the flags did wave, o'er the homes of Doc. Possum and Uncle Wiggily so brave.

And if the tooth brush doesn't shoot all its bristles at the bath room sponge like a prickly hedgehog porcupine, and make it tickle the wash rag, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily in a tent.

CHAPTER II

UNCLE WIGGILY IN A TENT

“Dear me!” exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she came down stairs in the hollow stump bungalow one morning. “I don’t see how I am going to get time to do it all today!”

“Do what?” asked Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman.

“Do all the bungalow housework and go to sewing class over to the house-pen of Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady,” answered Nurse Jane. “You see I am taking lessons in sewing shirts for soldiers, and if I stay here to make the beds, get your meals and—”

“Ha! Say no more!” cried Uncle Wiggily, touching the rim of his tall silk hat like a soldier saluting. “You need not make my bed, nor get any meals for me, Nurse Jane!”

“Why not? the muskrat lady wanted to know. “Is Wonderland Alice coming to help in the house?”

"No, but I am going to practice living in a tent," said the bunny uncle. "There is no telling when the mosquitoes may come back to make war on us and I must get ready to live as a soldier does—in a tent—and get meals for myself.

"I will buy a new tent to live in, so you won't have to make my bed, nor yet cook for me, so stay as long as you like at the Wibble-wobble sewing class, my dear muskrat lady housekeeper."

"All right, I will, if you think you can get along in a tent," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"Of course I can!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Just you wait and see!"

So, while Nurse Jane, not bothering much with the housework, went to her sewing class, the bunny uncle set off, over the fields and through the woods, to buy himself a tent. For he had made up his mind to live like a soldier.

Uncle Wiggily did not have much trouble in getting what he wanted. He met an elephant gentleman who used to be in a circus,

and the elephant had a number of tents to sell. Mr. Longears bought a small one, and took it with him instead of having it sent.

With the tent on his back Uncle Wiggily was going through the woods when, near an old log, he heard a rustle among the dried leaves, and a little voice said:

“Oh, mother! We can’t get over! Please help us to get on our feet right side up.”

“I am sorry, my children, alas!” answered a sad voice, “but I cannot help myself, much less you. I, too, am on my back and I can’t turn over. Oh, if someone would only help us!”

“I’ll help you. Who are you and what is the matter?” asked Uncle Wiggily.

“I am the mother mud turtle and I was out walking with my family of thirteen little turtles,” was the answer. “But a bad boy came along and turned us all over on our backs and we can’t get on our feet again, no matter how we try.”

“Then let me try!” cried Uncle Wiggily, with a gay and jolly laugh. Putting down his tent and, using his new red, white and blue

stripped rheumatism crutch, he lifted the mud turtles off their backs and set them right side up again on their feet.

"Oh, thank you!" cried the mother turtle and all the little turtles. "That was a great favor, and if ever we can do you one we will."

"Pray do not mention it," said Uncle Wiggily, diffident like and suburban. "I have often turned turtles right side up before, so it was no trouble to me at all."

"But it was good for us," said the mud turtle lady as she and her family crawled off, like walking stones. So Uncle Wiggily picked up his tent and went on his way, setting up his little white canvas house near his hollow stump bungalow.

"So you are really going to sleep in there; are you?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, as she came back late that afternoon from her sewing class.

"Indeed I am," said Uncle Wiggily. "I want to get used to being a soldier. I have cooked my meal of boiled carrots and fried lettuce, and now I am going to bed. You need

not make the one where I used to sleep in the bungalow."

"Thank you," said Nurse Jane, "for I am very tired," and she tumbled into her own bed without making it. Uncle Wiggily curled up on some dried grass in his tent, and soon he was asleep.

But in the middle of the night a strong wind began to blow. It howled around the bunny's tent and tore one side loose from the wooden pegs Mr. Longears had driven into the ground to hold down the white canvas cloth.

"Oh, this is terrible!" cried Uncle Wiggily as he rolled out of bed and tried to hold down the side of the tent with his paws. But no sooner had he done that than the other side blew up in the wind, and when he reached over to try to hold down the second side the first one flapped up. Then the third side began to loosen.

"Oh, my!" cried the bunny uncle. "Living in a tent, as the soldiers do, is not as easy as I thought. I ought to have something heavy to put on the outside edges of my cloth house

to hold it down. Oh, if I only had some of Nurse Jane's heavy flatirons, they would be just the thing. But I don't want to awaken her in the middle of the night to get them. What shall I do? Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter, Uncle Wiggily?" asked a voice which could be heard above the noise of the howling wind.

"Oh, my tent is blowing away," answered the bunny gentleman, "and I need some stones, or heavy flatirons to hold it down to the ground. But I can't get any."

"Ha! We will be stones, and hold your tent down for you!" cried the voice.

"Who are you?" asked Uncle Wiggily, sitting on a flap of his tent to stop it blowing up in the air.

"I am the mud turtle lady with my thirteen children," was the answer. "We will pretend we are stones and hold down your tent, for we are very heavy." And so they were, and they looked just like stones, so they had no trouble at all in holding down the tent so that Uncle Wiggily could go back to bed in the grass and sleep.

So you see the mud turtles did the bunny a favor after all, and the next day he pegged his tent down good and hard. And if the telephone doesn't pretend it is the front door bell and try to run out and roller skate on the sidewalk, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily on guard.

CHAPTER III

UNCLE WIGGILY ON GUARD

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice rabbit gentleman, was out walking one day, looking, as he often did, for an adventure, when, all of a sudden, as he came to a little place in the woods where green grass grew with trees all around he heard a voice calling:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend," came the answer.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"Lollypops and sassafras drops."

"That's right, and I wish I had some," said the first voice with a laugh, and, peering through the bushes, Uncle Wiggily saw Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys, walking around with broomstick guns over their shoulders, like soldiers, in front of a little tent.

"Ha! Lollypops and sassafras drops, eh?"

cried Uncle Wiggily with a laugh. "What does this mean? It sounds like something from Alice in Wonderland. What is it all about?"

"Oh, we're playing war, and I'm a soldier-sentry on guard," said Jackie. "I let no one go past unless they tell me the secret word, or countersign, and today it's lollypops and sassafras drops."

"Oh, I see," laughed Uncle Wiggily. "And do you do guard duty at night, too?"

"Oh, yes," answered Peetie, as he made believe shoot a bear with his broomstick gun. "And tonight Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and some of the other animal boys, are going to stay in the tent as guards."

"Yes, and I think I'll also stay myself," said Uncle Wiggily. "I want to learn to be a soldier. I have a tent and last night I slept in it. Everything would have been all right if the wind hadn't blown so hard. But the mud-turtles came and sat on the edges of my tent and held it from blowing away. It's all right now, though; but, just for fun, I'm coming and help be on guard tonight."

"That will be fine!" barked the puppy dog boys.

So that night, telling Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy not to sit up for him, as he would not be home until morning, Uncle Wiggily left his hollow stump bungalow and went to the tent which had been put up by the animal boys in the woods.

"Now I'm realy to go on guard!" said the rabbit gentleman.

"All right," answered Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy. "You must put your gun over your shoulder, and march up and down in the darkness. And if anyone comes along and doesn't answer: 'Cherry pie and cheese sticks,' when you ask for the pass-word, you must fire off your gun."

"I will," said Uncle Wiggily, and then with a broomstick over his shoulder the bunny uncle went on guard. Up and down in front of the tent he marched, like a sentry, and he was thinking how much like a soldier he was, when, all at once, he heard in the bushes some whispering.

"We'll play a little trick on Uncle Wig-

gily," said Johnnie Bushtail. "We'll creep off in the darkness and come toward the tent. He'll hear us and think we are the mosquito rebel enemies. Then he'll tell us to halt, or stop, and we won't, but we'll run right toward him! We'll scare him and take his gun away and he'll think it is real war."

"Fine!" cried Billie. "But maybe he'll shoot us with the gun he has."

"He can't!" laughed Johnnie, "it's only a broomstick!"

So the two squirrel boys got ready to play the little trick on Uncle Wiggily, and Sammie Littletail, the rabbit; Jollie Longtail, the mouse chap, and the other make-believe soldier boy animals waited for the fun.

"Ha! So they think they are going to play a trick on me when I am on guard!" thought Uncle Wiggily as he walked up and down in front of the tent in the darkness. "Well, I must see about this," and he smiled so that his pink nose twinkled like a diamond dishpan from the two-cent store.

A little later, as Uncle Wiggily was still walking up and down on guard, keeping his

ears open for any sound of the buzzing of mosquitoes, he suddenly heard a crackling in the bushes, and he saw something scooting along.

"Halt!" cried Uncle Wiggily, just like a soldier on guard. "Who goes there? Advance and say: 'Cherry pie and cheese sticks,' or I shall have to shoot off my gun!"

"Ha! We're not afraid of you!" cried Billie Bushytail, making his voice sound deep and hoarse by holding a small stone in his mouth. "Come on, fellow soldier!" cried Billie to his brother, "we will capture this sentry on guard!"

Then Billie and Johnnie made a rush in the darkness toward Uncle Wiggily, for they wanted to make believe scare him and take his broomstick away.

"Rush at him now!" cried Billie.

"Rush it is!" answered Johnnie.

Then, all of a sudden a bright light flashed, and Johnnie cried:

"Ouch!"

And Billie cried:

"Ouch!"

"Oh, did I hit anyone with my bean shooter gun?" asked Uncle Wiggily in make-believe surprise as he held up his electric flash-light which made the woods as bright as day. "Did I hit anyone?"

"Something hit me on the nose!" said Billie.

"And me, too!" added Johnnie.

"Oh, it must have been the hard bullet beans I blew from my shooter," said the bunny gentleman, sort of laughing, blinking his eyes and twinkling his nose in the darkness. "You see I thought the broomstick gun wouldn't be much good against mosquitoes, so when I came on guard tonight I brought with me a bean shooter and when you made a noise just then I shot."

"Yes, we know you did," said Johnnie, rubbing his sore nose, and Billie rubbed his. And Uncle Wiggily never said a word about having heard them talking as they planned the little trick on him.

So he stayed on guard the rest of the night and no enemy mosquitoes bothered him.

And, if the lollypop doesn't take its handle-stick to tickle the circus balloon and make it burst like a firecracker, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily being caught.

CHAPTER IV

UNCLE WIGGILY IS CAUGHT

"Well, Uncle Wiggily Longears! What in the world are you doing?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as, one evening after supper in the hollow stump bungalow, she saw the bunny rabbit gentleman marching up and down the front path with a broomstick gun over his shoulder.

"Why, I am keeping guard," answered Uncle Wiggily, "the same as I did the other night when I was out with Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and the other animal boys, where they were playing soldier in a tent."

"But over what are you keeping guard now?" Nurse Jane wanted to know.

"You, and the hollow stump bungalow," somewhat proudly answered Mr. Longears. "There is no telling what may happen since the mosquitoes have begun their summer

war on us. It is true that the pennyroyal weed perfume made them go away for a time, but they may come back."

"And what will you do?" asked Nurse Jane, "if they do come?"

"Oh, I'll be here on guard like a sentinel soldier," answered the bunny rabbit. "If any of them come during the night I'll fire at them with my bean shooter. They shan't hurt you, Nurse Jane."

"Nor you, either, I hope," said the muskrat lady, for she liked Uncle Wiggily very much.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" he cried. "I'm a soldier!"

Then as the dark night came Uncle Wiggily began pacing up and down in front of the hollow stump bungalow and the white tent he had set up, with a flag in front of it to make it look like a real camp of soldiers.

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" marched the bunny gentleman rabbit up and down on guard duty. "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!"

The long hours passed. The moon came up, hid behind some clouds and then peeped out

at Uncle Wiggily, who was still on guard. And then the wind blew.

And when the wind blew it blew up with it from the salt marshes a big army of mosquitoes who were just waiting for it.

“Ah, ha!” cried the mosquito captain, as he spread out his wings like an airship and let his legs hang dangling down behind him like the tails of Bo Peep’s sheep. “Ah, ha! Now we shall go to war again, and we shall try to capture that old rabbit gentleman—Uncle Wiggily Longears.”

“Ah, ha!” said all the other mosquitoes, as they, too, spread out their wings like airships and let the wind blow them toward the hollow stump bungalow. “Ah, ha!” and the sound of their buzzing was like the humming of the storm.

All this while Uncle Wiggily was pacing up and down in front of his tent and bungalow, carrying his broomstick gun like a soldier and having his bean shooter all ready by his side. He looked up at the moon, and all of a sudden it seemed to go behind a cloud.

“It is going to be dark,” thought the bunny.

I will just sit down and rest a while. No mosquitoes will come when it is dark."

But that is just when they did come, and what the bunny rabbit gentleman thought was a cloud was a bunch of mosquitoes flying over the moon to hide it from sight.

Uncle Wiggily sat down in front of his tent. It was very still and quiet, for the mosquitoes, like airships, were so high up that their buzzing was not heard. Uncle Wiggily was warm in his fur coat. His pink nose twinkled slower and more slowly. His whiskers did not jiggle any more, his ears folded themselves down inside the brim of his tall silk hat.

Soon — Uncle — Wiggily — was — fast — fast — fast — a — sleep!

"Ah, ha!" said the captain mosquito, hovering in the air above the rabbit gentleman. "Ah, ha! Now is our chance!"

"What are we going to do?" asked the captain's wife, for mosquito ladies go to war just as some women vote, and the mosquito ladies are better biters than the men—or worse, whichever way you look at it.

"We are going to catch Uncle Wiggily and take him away with us," said the captain mosquito. "He shall be our war prisoner."

"But can we do it?" asked a lieutenant mosquito. "Can we do it?"

"Of course," answered the captain. "Now all of us must swoop down very softly, fanning our wings gently so as to make very little noise. Then each one will take hold of that rabbit some way or other, and when we all have good holds, by our strong bills, we'll lift him with a Yo-heave-ho! and carry him off to our den-o!"

"Good!" buzzed all the other mosquitoes! "Come on!"

So they all settled down on Uncle Wiggily, and before that brave soldier sentinel rabbit gentleman could awaken, the mosquitoes grabbed him by his nose, ears, legs, paws, whiskers, fur overcoat and tall silk hat, and up into the air they lifted him. For there were two hundred and twenty-seven billion, sixteen trillion, five million and thirteen thousand mosquitoes and you know, without

me telling you, that so many bad buzzing bugs could easily lift a rabbit.

"Here! What's the matter? What are you doing? Where are you taking me?" suddenly cried Uncle Wiggily waking up and trying to get loose. "Le me go! Let me go!"

"No! No!" cried the mosquitoes, and they would not.

Uncle Wiggily tried to fire at the mosquitoes with his bean shooter, loaded with talcum and tooth powder, but the bad biting bugs stuffed their legs and wings and bills down in the hole of the shooter so it would not work.

Then an extra big mosquito, the king of them all, came along, and with his help Uncle Wiggily was caught and taken away, being carried through the air by the fluttering, biting bugs.

"Oh, Nurse Jane! Save me! Save me!" cried the bunny rabbit to Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, as he was carried over the hollow stump bungalow in the night. "Save me from the mosquitoes. Alice in Wonderland or Nurse Jane! Save me!"

"I'll save you!" cried the brave muskrat lady.

"And so will I!" added another voice. And along came Alice from Wonderland, sailing on the back of the Mad March Hare.

"This hare, who is a friend of yours, heard about your trouble, Uncle Wiggily," said Alice, "and I made him bring me along to save you."

"But how are you going to do it?" asked the bunny gentleman.

"I'll show you," said Alice. "I have here some shrinking water from the Pool of Tears. I'll shower some of that on the mosquitoes and make them shrink so small they won't be strong enough to lift you. Then they will have to drop you."

"But if they drop me I'll fall and be hurt," said Uncle Wiggily, who the bad mosquitoes were carrying higher and higher in the air.

"I'll spread a bed sheet under you, and I'll hold one of the corners and I'll get Mr. Wigwag to hold another corner, and Grandfather Goosey Gander to hold a third and Mr. White-

wash, the polar bear, the fourth," said Nurse Jane. "We'll catch you in that."

So Alice from Wonderland rode up in the air on the back of the Mad March Hare, who was mad enough at the mosquitoes to have jumped over the moon after them, like the cow with the crumpled horn. As soon as she was near enough, Alice sprayed on the bad mosquitoes the shrinking alum water from the Pool of Tears.

"Oh, how little we are!" cried the mosquitoes as soon as the water touched them. "We are growing very small!"

And so they were. Soon they were so small that they could not hold Uncle Wiggily up any longer, and down they let him fall.

But did Uncle Wiggily get hurt?

Not a bit of it! Into the sheet that Nurse Jane had all spread out ready he bounced, like a man in the circus net, and so the bunny was saved from the mosquitoes.

"Oh, thank you, Nurse Jane, and you too, Alice, and you also, Mr. March Hare," said Mr. Longears, also thanking his other animal

friends. "Are you going to pay me a nice, long visit, Alice?"

"No," somewhat sadly answered the little girl. "I have to go back to Wonderland, but I'll come to see you again."

"I hope so," said Uncle Wiggily, as Alice said good-bye.

So that's how it all happened, just as I've told you, and if the chocolate cake doesn't look cross at the jelly roll and make it tumble off the table at breakfast, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and his sword.

CHAPTER V

UNCLE WIGGILY AND HIS SWORD

"Well, well, Uncle Wiggily! What's all this I hear about you?" asked Dr. Possum, as he stopped outside the rabbit gentleman's hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"What do you mean?" asked the bunny uncle.

"About the mosquito enemy carrying you away."

"Well, they did that," answered Uncle Wiggily. "You see I was practicing to be a soldier on guard in front of my tent, and when I fell asleep the mosquitoes came. But Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, Alice from Wonderland and others of my friends saved me."

"Ha, hum!" exclaimed Dr. Possum. "After this you had better get yourself a sword, as well as a bean shooter and wooden broomstick popgun. Then if more mosquitoes come at you, why, you can tickle them with your sword and they'll let you go."

"It's a good idea," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll do it. I'll take one of Nurse Jane's old carving knives and make me a sword."

And he did, making the knife long and pointed and sharp, so that it looked like a real sword. Then Uncle Wiggily tied it around his waist with one of his old neckties for a belt and once more he was a soldier.

Nurse Jane had gnawed out for him a new red, white and blue striped barber pole rheumatism crutch, for the bunny gentleman's old one had been lost when the mosquitoes carried him away.

Again the bunny rabbit gentleman marched up and down in front of his tent, near his hollow stump bungalow, making believe he was a soldier on guard, so no one would harm, or carry off, his nice muskrat lady housekeeper.

Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbit children; Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels; Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys; Jollie Longtail, the mouse chap; Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck, and

many other animal boys and girls came to watch Uncle Wiggily be a soldier.

Sometimes he would form them into line and make them march up and down, giving them orders to "Right about face!" "Forward march!" "Fire on the enemy!" or "Eat your lollypops!"

And each and every order the animal children obeyed, for that is the first thing a soldier boy or girl must learn to do—to mind when told.

And Sammie or Susie or Billie or Johnnie would have fun by taking Uncle Wiggily's gun and pretending they were the sentry in his place, marching up and down.

One day Sammie Littletail's mother gave him ten cents in green leaf money, which all the animals used, and Sammie bought a box of marshmallow candies.

"We ought to roast them," said Susie, his sister.

"They're better that way," said Johnnie Bushytail.

"But we are not allowed to build a fire

unless some big grown-up animal is with us," said Susie.

"Oh, I know what to do!" barked Jackie Bow Bow. "We can take the marshmallows to Uncle Wiggily's soldier camp fire, by his tent, and roast them there."

"Fine!" barked Peetie, his brother.

So off to Uncle Wiggily's camp near his hollow stump bungalow went the animal children, laughing and shouting, and thinking what a good time they would have roasting the marshmallow candies.

"Of course you may use my camp fire!" cried jolly Uncle Wiggily, when they asked him. And then, like a soldier, he gave these orders:

"Ready! Aim! Roast marshmallows!"

"Oh, isn't it romantic?" quacked Alice Wibblewobble, the duck girl, who was fond of reading poetry. "I wish I could be a Red Cross nurse!"

"Maybe you'll have to be if some of these chaps burn their paws roasting the marshmallows!" laughed Uncle Wiggily.

"We ought to have something long to stick

the candies on to hold them over the fire," said Sammie Littletail. "May we take your sword for that, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Of course you may!" laughed the bunny uncle, loosening the necktie belt and taking out the long, slender carving knife he had had made into a sword.

Now while all this was going on there were hidden behind some bushes a whole band of bad mosquitoes—the same ones who had once captured Uncle Wiggily. They had come to get him back so he could be a prisoner for them.

"We'll just watch our chance!" whispered the captain mosquito, "and when he isn't looking we'll fly down and grab him!"

"But what are all those little animal boys and girls doing?" asked a mosquito with a very long bill.

"Oh, they won't bother us!" said the captain. "We'll just get Uncle Wiggily, and—oh, ho!" he suddenly cried. "We can get him right now!"

"See, he has taken off his sword to let Sammie Littletail toast marshmallows on it. If

we can swoop down now, that rabbit can't tickle us with the sharp point, and before he knows what is happening we'll have him. Ready, buzzing comrades! Sharpen bills! Flutter your wings! Advance and capture the bunny, who has no sword!"

Up flew the mosquito army, and down they buzzed on Uncle Wiggily. He heard and saw them coming.

"Quick, my sword!" he cried. "My sword!"

"Oh, it's filled with sticky marshmallow candies!" cried Sammie, who was toasting some over the fire.

"So much the better!" cried brave Uncle Wiggily. "The mosquitoes will get all tangled and stuck in the soft, sticky candy on my sword and I'll capture a lot of them."

And so Uncle Wiggily did. You know how sticky a toasted marshmallow is. Well, Uncle Wiggily's sword was full of them, for Sammie was roasting a lot of candies at once.

Waving his sword through the air in the cloud of mosquitoes, Uncle Wiggily captured about 10,719 of them, and put them in a fly-trap prison. The others were so frightened

that they flew away, never hurting the bunny uncle or the boy or girl animals a bit, and after that they had all the brown toasted marshmallow candies they wanted.

So it was a good thing, after all, that Uncle Wiggily's sword was used for roasting marshmallows, and if the plumber doesn't take away our kitchen sink to let the croquet balls play marbles in, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the rice cakes.

CHAPTER VI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE RICE CAKES

"Nurse Jane, have we any rice in the bungalow?" asked Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, of his muskrat lady housekeeper one morning.

"Rice?" repeated Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "Is there going to be a wedding?" and she switched her tail around the hollow stump real excited like.

"No," said Uncle Wiggily with a laugh. "What I want of rice is for the soldiers to eat."

"The soldiers to eat?" asked Nurse Jane. "What soldiers?"

"Why, you know that I am studying to be a soldier since the mosquito war began," went on the bunny rabbit gentleman, "and Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy; Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels; Jackie

and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dogs—they are all studying with me in my tent, just outside the hollow stump bungalow.

“We need things to eat that will keep well, like corn, rice and oatmeal, and I was thinking of cooking some rice cakes for a change. You know I’m a sort of soldier cook, but I have no rice, so I thought maybe you had.”

“Not enough for you hungry soldiers to eat!” laughed Nurse Jane. “So if you are going out today you had better get some at the store.”

“I will,” said Uncle Wiggily. “How do you cook rice?”

“Well, first you take the dry, hard, white rice kernels,” answered the muskrat lady, “and put them to soak in a cup, or bowl of water. And when the kernels have softened up, you boil them in a little hot water with a pinch of salt.”

“Why do you pinch the salt?” asked Uncle Wiggily, making his pink nose twinkle like a banana peeling. “Is it naughty?”

“No, indeed!” laughed the muskrat lady. “It’s just to give it a little flavor.”

So, leaving Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, on guard in front of the tent near the bungalow, Uncle Wiggily went to the store for the rice. He was in such a hurry to get back to cook it that he never stopped to have an adventure. But just you wait and see what happened to him.

"Now, Sammie," said the bunny as he reached the tent, "we have the rice, and we will put it to soak in cold water before we boil it with the pinched salt, which isn't naughty, as you might think.

"Nurse Jane has gone over to Mrs. Wibblewobble's house to help the duck lady sew red flannel caps for bald-headed roosters," said Uncle Wiggily, "so you go in the bungalow and get a pan in which I can put the rice to soak."

Sammie brought out a shiny dishpan and asked if that would be large enough.

"I guess so," answered Uncle Wiggily, uncertain like. "We want plenty of rice cakes—we soldiers do—but I think that will be enough to start with."

He had bought at the store a big bag of rice, and this he now emptied into the dishpan and poured water over the top.

"Now come on outside, Sammie," said Uncle Wiggily to his rabbit nephew, "and we will practice with our beanshooters while waiting for the rice to soak. Then when it has done enough swimming in the water I'll make the cakes for the other animal boy soldiers so they will all be strong enough to fight mosquitoes."

"Good!" cried Sammie, and after the rice was left to sleep and soak in the water the bunny boy and old gentleman shot at a mark with the bean shooters.

"Wait until I go in the tent and get some more beans," said Sammie after a while, when they had shot away all they had brought out with them.

Into the white tent went Sammie, and, no sooner had the canvas flap, or front door, closed after him than he cried:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily, come quickly! The rice is escaping!"

"Escaping?" shouted Captain Longears,

as he sometimes liked to be called. "What do you mean?"

"I mean it is running away, out of the pan, over the tent floor and everywhere," Sammie answered. "Oh, look!"

Uncle Wiggily hurried in and looked. Surely enough the pan, that had at first only been partly full of rice and water, was now brimming, running over full, and the rice seemed to keep on coming, like a popper full of corn over a hot fire.

"What makes it?" asked Sammie, as the rice in the middle of the pan seemed to bob up as though a circus elephant were underneath, trying to turn a peppersault.

"I don't know," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I guess some enemy mosquitoes are under the pan trying to get our rice."

And my! You should have seen that rice boil up and bubble over and run out of the pan and down on the ground.

"We must not let it waste!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Quick, Sammie, into the bungalow with you, and get all the cups, pans, pails,

milk bottles and flower pots you can, in which to catch this rice! Quick!"

Sammie hurried in and out, and he and the bunny Uncle filled about forty-'leven things with the rice, including a washtub. The whole tent was running over with rice.

"What made so much of it?" asked Uncle Wiggily of Nurse Jane when the muskrat lady came back from Mrs. Wibblewobble's. "I didn't buy this much dried rice at the store."

"Of course not!" laughed Nurse Jane. "I should have told you that rice swells up very much in water, and that you only need about a cupful to make a big pudding. Oh, Wiggy! What a lot of rice! Oh, my!"

But it was not wasted, for the bunny uncle soldier made enough rice cakes for the whole animal army, and all the Woodland folk besides. So everything came out all rice—I mean all right—and if the postman doesn't come too late to eat breakfast with us, so he can't help the egg stick fast on the pan, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the apple dumplings.

CHAPTER VII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE APPLE DUMPLINGS

“Forward—march!”

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the gentleman rabbit soldier, stood out in front of the white tent near his hollow stump bungalow, and called this to the animal boys.

“Where are we going to march to?” asked Peetie Bow Wow, one of the puppy dog boys.

“Never mind asking questions, if you please,” said the bunny uncle with a smile, making his pink nose twinkle like a star on a Christmas tree. “A soldier should do as he is told, and not ask where or how. Forward—march!”

Then Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, took two sticks he had gnawed from a tree, and with them he beat on the bottom of a starch box, which was hanging around his neck.

“Rub - a - dub - dub! Rub - a - dub - dub!” drummed Johnnie, and the soldier boys

marched away from the camp tent with Uncle Wiggily at their head, like the brave captain he was.

"We are going to capture some—" Uncle Wiggily began, when they all stopped for a drink of water at a spring.

"Don't say we are going to capture some mosquitoes!" interrupted Billie Wagtail, the goat. "I didn't bring any talcum powder with me, and if one of them bites—"

"We are not going after mosquitoes," said Uncle Wiggily. "We are going on what is called a foraging party. That is, we are going to see what we can capture to eat, for we soldiers, in this mosquito war, must live. So, forward—march! again and we'll see what we can capture."

They marched along a little farther, and, all of a sudden, Johnnie Bushytail stopped beating his starch-box drum and cried:

"Ha! I see something to capture!"

"Halt! That is, stop!" commanded Uncle Wiggily. "What do you see, Johnnie?" he asked.

"Some early apples over in that orchard,"

spoke the squirrel drummer boy. "They are good to eat!"

"Halt! No! Don't take them!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "In the first place they are not ours, and in the second place they are green and will make you ill so you can't fight in the mosquito battles.

"But I will buy some of the green apples from the monkey farmer who owns them, and I'll cook them in dumplings for you, so they will not hurt you. Halt here, everybody, until I go buy some of the dumpling apples," said the bunny rabbit.

So Captain Uncle Wiggily, as I will call him once in a while, with his bean shooter gun on his shoulder, went to buy some of the green apples, coming back with his tall silk hat quite full of them.

"Will they be enough?" asked Sammie Littletail.

"Oh, yes," Uncle Wiggily answered. "I don't have to soak these in water, as I did the rice, and make twice as much of it as I need. I have seen Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, my muskrat lady housekeeper, make apple

dumplings, and full well I know how it is done. I'll make some as soon as we get back to camp, and we'll have them for dinner."

So, after a little march about with his animal soldier boy friends, Uncle Wiggily came back to his tent near the hollow stump bungalow and began making the apple dumplings.

First he mixed up some flour, water, sugar, butter, eggs and other things into a crust like that for pies, only different. While he was doing this the animal boys were practicing with their bean shooters outside.

Then when he had the dumpling dough parts made and ready to go into the oven, Uncle Wiggily took the green apples out of his tall silk hat, which held almost a rabbit bushel.

"Let me see, now," said the bunny uncle thoughtfully to himself, "I think it is now time to put the apples in the dumplings. Then to bake them, and they will be ready to eat!"

So into the dough-dumpling part the bunny uncle rabbit gentleman put the ap-

ples, and into the oven of the soldier tent he popped them. Then he sat down to wait until they were cooked.

It did not take very long, for the fire was hot, and soon there was a most delicious smell, like talcum powder, only nicer. Uncle Wiggily sniffed it, and, taking a peep in the oven at the dumplings, and finding them well baked and done, he pulled them out to cool.

They were just about ready to eat, and the bunny was going to taste of one and then call in his soldier boy animal friends, when, all at once, into the tent popped a bad fox, who was a sort of general over all the mosquitoes.

"Ah, ha!" snarled the fox, sniffing the air. "I was not mistaken! I thought I smelled apple dumplings. I'll try one!" And he reached his paw for the largest one on the pan.

"No! You must not!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Those are for my brave mosquito-fighting soldiers!"

"What care I!" barked the fox, indifferent-like, and with that he bit into an apple dumpling.

But no sooner had he done so than he spluttered and coughed and he had the hiccoughs and tears came into his eyes as he rushed out of the tent after a drink of water, crying:

"Hum! Do you call those fit to eat? I don't!" and away he ran, having eaten but one dumpling, and that only partly.

"I wonder what is the matter with them?" Uncle Wiggily asked Nurse Jane, who came in the tent just then. The muskrat lady looked at the dumplings and laughed.

"Why, Wiggy!" she cried. "You forgot to take the cores out of the apples, and the fox choked on the hard scratchy part with the seeds in. You must take the cores out of apples for dumplings."

"Ha! I knew I had forgotten something," said the bunny. "Well, it's a good thing I did, otherwise the fox would have eaten them all."

So Nurse Jane, with a sharp knife, took the cores out of the apples while they were still in the dumplings, and the animal boy

soldiers then ate them, saying they were fine.

And if the broiled egg doesn't stand on its head and try to peel a bushel of soap bubbles in the parlor, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the clothes.

CHAPTER VIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CLOTHES

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice rabbit gentleman soldier, was marching up and down in front of the white tent that stood in front of his hollow stump bungalow. He had his bean shooter gun over his shoulder, and was on the watch for any bad biting mosquito enemies.

All of a sudden Uncle Wiggily heard a rustling in the bushes, as if someone were coming toward his tent where he was a sentry on guard, and he called:

“Halt!”

That’s what a soldier says instead of:

“Stop, if you please!” It means the same thing.

“Oh my goodness me sakes alive and some pineapple jelly lollypops!” cried Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper. “How you frightened me!”

"Oh, it's you, is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "I did not know you were coming to pay me a visit, Nurse Jane. Excuse me. Come in the tent and sit down to rest," and he made a low bow with his tall, silk hat.

"Thank you, I haven't time," Nurse Jane made answer. "But I was wondering if you had time to go to the store for me."

"Surely I have," Uncle Wiggily answered. "What is it you want?"

"Soap and starch and bluing," replied Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "Mrs. Waggletail, the duck wash lady, is coming tomorrow, and I want to have everything ready for her to make the clothes nice and clean."

"I'll get the soap and other things for you at once," said Uncle Wiggily. "Just as soon as Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, comes back from his lunch of nut sandwiches to stand on guard in my place. You see we soldiers, in this mosquito war, have to take turns guarding the tent," said the bunny rabbit gentleman.

Pretty soon the squirrel boy came, and then, when Billie had taken the bean shooter

popgun over his shoulder, Uncle Wiggily went to the store for Nurse Jane.

"And while you are putting up some starch, soap and other things, to make clean clothes for Nurse Jane," said the rabbit gentleman to the monkey-doodle store keeper, "put up some for me. We soldiers must wash our clothes, too."

"Very good," spoke the monkey-doodle gentleman, and he put in the package some nice soap for Uncle Wiggily.

The rabbit gentleman gave Nurse Jane her washday things and then he went into his own tent. It was filled with little cots for him and the animal boy soldiers to sleep on, and the sheets, blankets, pillow cases—and whatever else goes to make up a bed—needed washing.

"And I'll wash some of our old uniforms to make them look fresh and clean, too, Johnnie," said the bunny to the squirrel boy. "Soldiers must learn to wash clothes for themselves, for in war times they cannot always be near a laundry."

"That's right," Johnnie said, and he gave

one of his uniforms to Uncle Wiggily so it might be made clean.

The bunny uncle got out a big water pail for a tub, and for a washboard he used a slab of rough bark from the hickory tree.

"How are you going to wring the clothes?" asked Johnnie.

"I'll get two round pieces of logs, like the round rubber rollers of the wringer," answered the bunny rabbit, and he did. Soon he started to wash the clothes, Johnnie and some of the other animal boys helping him.

"How are you going to make the clothes stay on the line without clothes pins to hold them?" asked Billie Wagtail, the goat. "You haven't any pins."

"We'll hold the clothes on the line for Uncle Wiggily." said some little voices down in the grass.

"Who are you?" asked Uncle Wiggily, politely.

"We are pinching bugs," was the answer. "We are cousins to the June bugs who will be here next month. With our strong, pinching



“jaws we’ll hold the clothes on the line for you as good as clothes pins.”

“Thank you,” said Uncle Wiggily. Then the clothes were washed in nice soapy water, rinsed in clean water and made blue in water that was kindly colored for the rabbit gentleman by some pretty blue violet flowers that grew near an old, green, mossy log. Then the bunny wrung the clothes partly dry through two round pieces of logs that were like the rubber rollers of a wringer.

“Now to hang out the clothes,” said Uncle Wiggily, and, when he and the animal boys put the sheets, pillow cases and their uniforms on the line, the pinching bugs held them there so the wind would not blow them down in the dirt.

Then, as the washing was over, the animal boys went to play ball off in the woods, and Uncle Wiggily went to sleep near his tent, for he thought in broad daylight there would be no need to be on guard against the mosquitoes.

But, all of a sudden, as the rabbit gentleman had his eyes closed, a bad, old grizzily

fox came creeping, creeping, creeping out of the woods.

"Ah, ha!" snickered the fox, "I'll pull that rabbit's ears, that's what I'll do!"

Well, he was just going to do it when one of the pinching bugs, seeing the fox, perched as the bug was, upon the clothes line, called out:

"Wake up, Uncle Wiggily! Wake up! Look out, Uncle Wiggily! Look out!"

Uncle Wiggily awakened and started to run. The fox ran after him. Back and forth they ran beneath the line of clothes.

The fox had almost caught the rabbit gentleman, and poor Uncle Wiggily was so out of breath that he could run no longer, and he dropped his bean shooter gun, when, all of a sudden, a big pinching bug cried:

"Quick, Uncle Wiggily! Jump up in this bag of a pillow case I am holding on the line. Jump up and snuggle down inside the pillow case and there the fox can't get you."

Uncle Wiggily did it, and only just in time. Into the clean-washed pillow case which was like an open bag, he jumped, and the fox could not get him. The bad fox tried, but

when he jumped up a pinching bug nipped him, and he was glad to jump down and run away. Then Uncle Wiggily, who had been swinging in the pillow case as if it were a hammock, could hop down, and he wasn't hurt a bit.

So all the clothes were nicely washed by the bunny, and if the ash man doesn't try to clean off the blackboards with the snow shovel and make them look like a bath room charcoal tablet, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the lollypops.

CHAPTER IX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LOLLYPOPS

“Present—arms! Parade—over! everybody come early tomorrow and we’ll drill some more!” said Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman captain soldier, as he stood in front of his tent near the hollow stump bungalow and watched the animal boys march past one day.

“Oh, Uncle Wiggily!” cried Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl.

“What is it?” asked the bunny, for, now that the practice march, or drill was over he could talk like a regular rabbit. “What do you want, Susie?”

“Oh, if you please, Uncle Wiggily, “can’t some of us girls do something in this mosquito war time?” asked the little rabbit sister. “Jennie Chipmunk, and Lulu and Alice Wibblewobble, the ducks, and Arabella

Chick—they all want to do something, too.”

“And so you shall!” cried the jolly rabbit. “I’m glad you feel that way about it. You, also, may come to the drill tomorrow,” and then he whispered something to Susie and the other animal girls that made them smile.

“Oh, we’ll be here!” they all said.

Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for the bunny rabbit gentleman, cooked his supper in the hollow stump bungalow that evening, and brought it out to him in his tent. For, though Uncle Wiggily was studying to be a soldier, and training, or drilling, the animal boy chaps the same way, he sometimes let Nurse Jane cook for him. Though nearly always he got his own meals in his tent at camp fire, as does a real soldier.

“Tomorrow,” said Uncle Wiggily to Nurse Jane, “I shall drill the animal boys and help them practice with nets.”

“Tennis nets or fish nets?” asked the muskrat lady.

“Neither one,” answered the bunny. “I’ll give them mosquito nets, and I’ll see how

many of the bad, biting bugs they can catch. This is to be real war."

"Then I'll get a lot of talcum powder and witch hazel ready," said Nurse Jane, "for some of your soldier chaps may be wounded or bitten."

"Exactly so," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "That is what Susie Littletail, the duck girls and other animal lassies are coming for—to be Red Cross nurses. And they are going to give the boy soldiers a little treat, too."

"A treat? How nice! What kind?" asked Nurse Jane.

"A lollypop treat," said Uncle Wiggily with a laugh. "I gave Susie the money to buy them, and she'll bring them here when she and the other girl animals come to watch the drill tomorrow. Then, when it is all over, the new Red Cross nurses will invite the soldier boys into my tent and treat them to ice cream, sassafrass, lemonade and sliced orange lollypops!"

"That will be grand!" cried Nurse Jane. "It makes me want to be young again."

"You shall have a lollypop, too," promised the bunny.

The next day the animal boys came to Uncle Wiggily's tent and with their broomstick and bean shooter guns they marched and drilled while Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, beat on his starch-box-rub-a-dub-dub-drum.

"Now, then, to catch the mosquitoes!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he passed out some long-handled nets Nurse Jane had made for the boys. They took them, rushed to the swamp where the mosquito enemy lived and caught hundreds of them in the nets, shutting the bad, biting bugs up in fly traps.

"Oh, but I'm bit!" suddenly cried Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy.

"So am I!" said Billie Bushytail, the squirrel.

"Now is your chance, Red Cross nurses!" said Captain Wiggily Longears, and Susie and the other animal girls put witch hazel and talcum powder on the bites of the animal boys.

"And now for the treat!" cried Uncle

Wiggily. "Get ready, Susie! Present—lollypops!"

Well, you should have seen how surprised the animal boys were when they saw the nice lumps of candy on the pointed sticks, for that is what lollypops are, as you well know.

So the boy soldiers and the Red Cross nurses had a good time in Uncle Wiggily's tent, eating the lollypops off the sticks and putting the sticks in a neat little pile, as all soldiers are taught to do; for neatness is one of the first things learned in war time.

Just about now something was happening outside the bunny rabbit captain's tent. The bad fox was creeping softly up to it, saying to himself:

"I know how to catch that rabbit. I'll pull all the wooden tent pegs out, so his tent will fall flat to the ground, and when he is all tangled up under it I'll grab him!"

So the fox started to do this. With his teeth he pulled out first one wooden peg, then another. A tent, you know, has ropes around the bottom, or half way up the sides, just as

your bonnet has strings on it to hold it under your chin. And the tent ropes are tied fast to tent pegs driven into the ground.

Peg after peg the bad fox pulled up, and then Uncle Wiggily's tent began to fall.

"Oh, what is happening?" cried the bunny uncle, frightened like.

"I see!" said Jackie Bow Wow, the puppy dog. "The bad fox has pulled up the tent pegs and thrown them far away," which was just what he had done.

"What shall we do?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Without tent pegs my tent will not stay up and the fox will get me!"

"No, he will not!" shouted Sammie Little-tail. "Quick, soldier boys. Shoulder arms with the lollypop sticks! They will do for pegs to hold up the tent! Forward—march! Charge on the fox enemy with lollypop sticks!"

And the boy animal soldiers did this. With the sticks from which they had eaten the lollypop candy they made the tent firm and fast, so it did not fall down. And Peetie Bow Wow

tickled the fox with an extra long lollypop stick and made him run away.

So the fox didn't get Uncle Wiggily after all, and the Red Cross nurses said the boy animals were very brave. And if the painter man doesn't put red ink on my wallpaper, so it looks like a postage stamp at a picnic, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily in the ditch.

CHAPTER X

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE DITCH

"Why, Uncle Wiggily Longears!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for the old gentleman rabbit, as she watched him come out of the hollow stump bungalow one morning with a hoe, rake and shovel over his shoulder. "Are you going to make a garden?"

"No, indeed!" laughed the bunny rabbit. "It is quite too late to do that. All gardens are planted by now."

"But you seem to be going to dig something," went on the muskrat lady.

"I am," Uncle Wiggily answered. "I'm going to dig a trench."

"What's a trench?" asked Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"It's like a ditch, only it hasn't any water in it," explained Mr. Longears. "Now that I am a soldier, fighting for my country

against the biting mosquitoes, I must dig a trench in front of my tent.”

“What for?” asked Nurse Jane.

“Oh, so that I and the other animal boys—Sammie Littletail, the rabbit, and Johnnie and Billy Bushytail, the squirrels—can hide down in the dry ditch, or trench, and be safe from harm when the mosquito enemy fires stones at us,” said Uncle Wiggily. “Safety first, you know, Nurse Jane!”

“Yes, that’s what it says on the little red button the animal children wear when they go to school,” spoke the muskrat lady. “Well, I’ll watch you dig the trench, Uncle Wiggily,” and, having washed her dishes, the muskrat lady sat down in front of the white tent which the bunny rabbit had set up in front of his hollow stump bungalow, and there, in the shade, Nurse Jane watched Mr. Longears dig. Or, I should call him Captain Longears, since he was in the animal army making war on the bad, biting mosquitoes.

With his shovel, rake and hoe, Captain Uncle Wiggily dug, in front of his tent, a long ditch or trench. It was just like a little

brook, or river, except that it was straight, and not crooked, and it had no water in it.

"There!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he threw out the last shovelful of earth, "my trench-ditch is done, and now when the enemy mosquitoes come to fight us we soldiers can crawl in it and keep out of the way of the stones they throw at us.

"That's good," said Nurse Jane. "And now will you come in and have some carrot soup and roasted turnip with parsley gravy sauce sprinkled over it?"

"Thank you," said Uncle Wiggily, "I believe I will," and he did, eating in his hollow stump bungalow that day instead of in his soldier tent, and not cooking his meal over his camp fire as he usually did.

After school all the animal boys—the rabbits, the squirrels, Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppies; Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck, and others—came to practice with Uncle Wiggily, doing forward and backward marching, beating the drum, firing off bean-shooting popguns, waving wooden swords and the like of that.

"For we must be ready when the mosquito enemy comes," said Billie Wagtail, the goat.

"Oh, what a nice tunnel Uncle Wiggily has dug!" cried Jollie Longtail, the mouse boy, as he saw the fresh earth.

"That isn't a tunnel," said Uncle Wiggily. "That's a trench, or ditch, and we will do our fighting from there. Ready, now! Forward—march! Into the trench!" and the boy animals hopped or crawled or flew into it, just according to the way they best could get along, and in the trench they waited for the mosquitoes to come. And then they made believe the enemy was near and the animal boys fired the wooden broomstick and bean-shooting guns at them, all make-believe, of course.

"Very well done!" called Uncle Wiggily, gaily. "I think we shall soon beat the mosquito army in earnest and then we shall have peace."

For two or three days the animal boys practiced in the ditch or trench Uncle Wiggily had dug, and then one afternoon, when they were all in school, Uncle Wiggily was in

the ditch alone. He saw a big cloud of mosquitoes coming toward him, but quickly he crouched down where they could not throw stones at him, and he fired talcum and tooth powder at them.

"Oh, we shall never catch that rabbit, for now he hides in a ditch dug in the ground," said a captain mosquito.

"Yes, maybe we can," spoke another.

"How?" asked a third.

"If, with our strong bills we could bite holes in the sides of the ditch and let the water from the duck pond ocean flow in it," said the second mosquito, "we would soon drown out Uncle Wiggily. He can't stand water, and when it runs in his trench he'll hop out quickly enough and we'll get him!"

"Good!" cried all the other mosquitoes, only I think myself it was bad; don't you? Anyhow, the unpleasant, nipping bugs began biting holes in the sides of Uncle Wiggily's ditch. He did not know it, for he was marching up and down at the far end, like a soldier sentry.

Then out came Nurse Jane, not having

seen the mosquitoes biting holes in the rabbit gentleman's ditch.

"It looks like rain, Uncle Wiggily," said the muskrat lady housekeeper, "and, as I am going away for the afternoon and will have to lock the bungalow, I've brought out your rubber coat, hat and boots."

"Good!" said the bunny uncle, "I'll keep them near me in case of a storm."

Then, all of a sudden, a little later, the mosquitoes bit through the sides of the ditch, and in rushed the water from the duck pond ocean.

"Hurray!" cried the bad bugs. "Now we'll get Uncle Wiggily! He'll have to get out when the water runs in his trench-ditch, and we can capture him!"

In rushed the water, but did Uncle Wiggily get out? Indeed, he did not get out. He just put on his rubber boots, coat and hat and stood there, shooting talcum powder at the mosquitoes until they were glad enough to fly away. And then Uncle Wiggily pasted court plaster over the holes in the walls of

his trench, pumped out the water and was as safe as ever.

So the mosquitoes did not get him that time, anyhow, and if the June bug doesn't play his phonograph at the wrong time and make the moving pictures sneeze, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and his coat.

CHAPTER XI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND HIS COAT

“Well, I suppose you are going on guard duty in your soldier trench, or ditch, in front of your tent tonight, are you not?” asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as she waved “Hello!” to him one morning from the hollow stump bungalow.

Uncle Wiggily himself was marching up and down in front of his tent, where he had stayed all night, being on guard or awake part of the dark hours, to make sure the mosquito bug enemy did not come and carry him off.

“Yes,” he answered Nurse Jane, “I expect to do guard duty tonight. I will march up and down in my trench, or ditch, into which the mosquitoes cannot throw stones at me. But why do you ask?”

“Because I have a little surprise for you,”

went on the muskrat lady. "See, I have made for you a long overcoat, such as the real soldiers wear when they are on guard. It must get cold in the night, especially about 12 o'clock, and if you wear this coat you will not be chilly."

"That's fine! Thank you!" cried Uncle Wiggily as he saw the coat the muskrat lady nurse had made for him. It was long, reaching down almost to his heels, and it had a big collar, which could be turned up around the rabbit gentleman's neck. It did not cover his ears, for they were very tall (if you remember his picture), and it would have taken a whole overcoat and part of another one, to say nothing of a collar, to have covered Uncle Wiggily's ears.

"Put it on and let me see how it fits," said Nurse Jane. "I made it from your last year's fur coat, and it may want a little changing."

But it didn't—not a bit. It fitted Uncle Wiggily just like a postage stamp on a letter, and nothing fits better than that, so he looked fine in it.

"I'll wear it tonight when I go on guard

duty," he said. "Thank you very much, Nurse Jane."

That afternoon Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys; Billie Wagtail, the goat; Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck, and many others came to have Uncle Wiggily show them how to drill and practice being soldiers in the trench and in the front of the tent.

"We must be always ready for the mosquito enemy," said the bunny rabbit. "There is no telling when they may swoop down on us! So—attention! Fall—in!"

"Do you mean fall in the ditch?" asked laughing Jollie Longtail, the mouse boy.

"Nonsense!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I mean fall in line; or get in line to march."

So the animal boys marched back and forth, sometimes up and down and sometimes in the middle, learning to be soldiers to fight the mosquito enemy.

"Well, I guess that will be all today," said Uncle Wiggily, after he had passed out peanut lollypops to the animal chaps. "I'll go on

guard in my new coat tonight, and tomorrow we will drill again."

So that night, after supper, Uncle Wiggily marched up and down in his trench ditch, wearing his military overcoat, which Nurse Jane had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk.

Oh, please excuse me. That's Uncle Wiggily's red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch; isn't it? Well, he did not need that now, being a brave soldier. So he wore the coat Nurse Jane had made for him out of cloth. It was colored brown, not red, white and blue.

But, somehow or other, it grew very warm that night. Uncle Wiggily, marching up and down in the trench, first turned down the collar of his coat. Then he unbuttoned it. Finally he said:

"I guess I'll have to take it off altogether, it's too hot. I'll hang it up on the handle of the rake which I used to dig my trench."

So, hanging his coat up on the rake, the handle of which was stuck in the ground, and draping the arms over the two iron ends of

the garden tool, Uncle Wiggily marched up and down in more comfort.

The night grew warmer and more warm. And, as might be expected, it was warm in the swamp where the mosquito enemy lived. They flew up from the marsh, buzzing and bizzing, and the captain called:

“What ho, my Merry Men! Tonight will be a good time to capture Uncle Wiggily, I think. He is sure to be sleepy and dreamy tonight, and we can grab him and fly away with him. Come on to capture that rabbit soldier!”

“Buzz! Buzz! We’re with you,” sang the biting bugs. Off they flew to the trench where Uncle Wiggily was on guard in front of his tent near his hollow stump bungalow.

“Halt!” whispered the mosquito captain.

All the flying insects stopped flittering their wings.

“There he is! I see him!” said a young lieutenant mosquito next to the captain.

“See, he is standing in the trench. How still he is. He must be asleep.”

“He is,” said the captain, “and before he

awakes we will capture him. Advance on Captain Uncle Wiggily Longears!"

Down buzzed the mosquitoes, but it was only Uncle Wiggily's coat, hanging over the rake with the arms stretched out like those of a scarecrow, which the bugs saw. About fourteen million of them grabbed hold of it, and then, with a great buzzing of their wings, up they flew with the empty coat, thinking they had Mr. Longears.

"Here, come back with that!" cried the bunny from the far end of the trench, as he heard the mosquitoes buzzing. "Let my nice coat, that Nurse Jane made for me, alone!"

"What! Have we only captured his coat?" cried the captain mosquito. "We thought we had you! Oh, dear! Bad luck!"

But it was good luck for Uncle Wiggily, as the biting bugs dropped his coat back in the trench, and he put it on. So the mosquitoes did not get him that time after all, you see, and if the coal shovel doesn't go out in the snow bank and take the pennies away from the icicle's little girl, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the cannon.

CHAPTER XII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CANNON

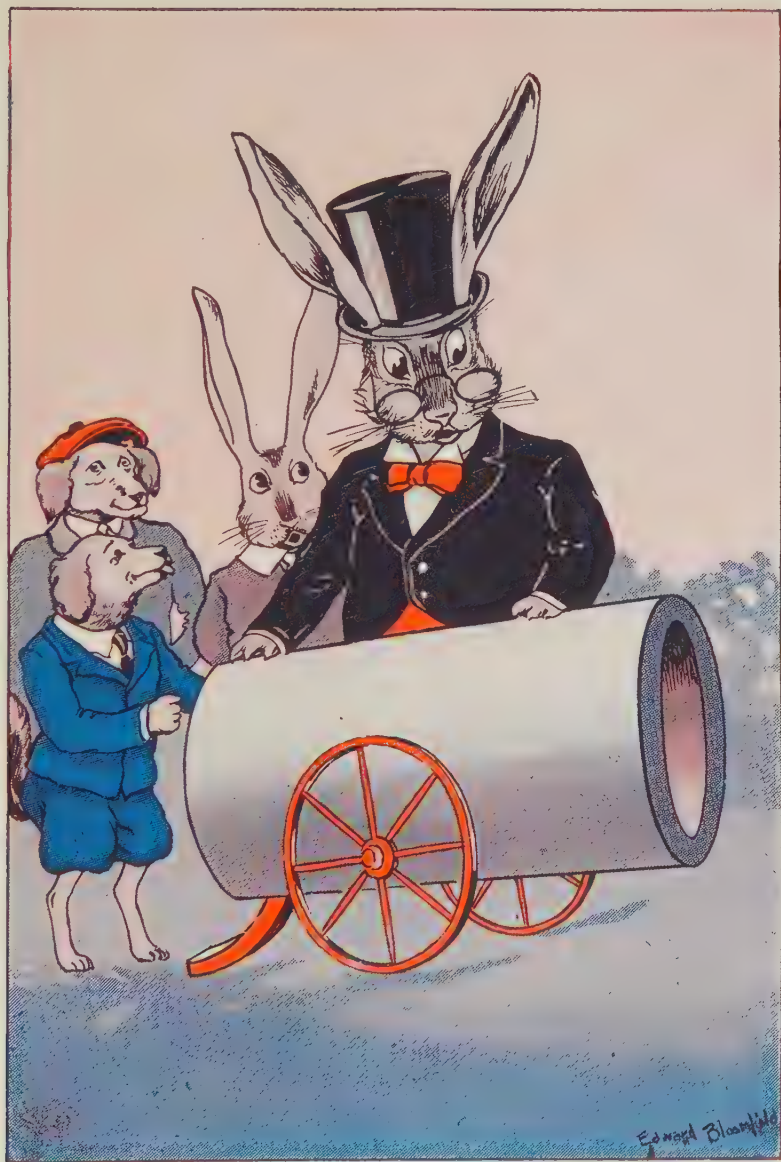
"Uncle Wiggily," called Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, to Mr. Longears, the big rabbit gentleman, one day, "Uncle Wiggily, don't you think we ought to have a cannon?"

"A cannon?" cried Uncle Wiggily, resting the soft end of his bean-shooting popgun on the edge of his tall silk hat. "Do you mean a big gun that shoots cannon balls?"

"Yes," answered Sammie, "I do. Since you have started to be a soldier, and have this guard tent near your hollow stump bungalow to keep away the bad, biting mosquito army, you ought to have a cannon in front, as soldiers do at forts."

"But I have my bean-shooting popgun," said the bunny rabbit, "and you animal boys have yours, so I don't see why we need a cannon."

"They have them in all mosquito wars," Sammie said.



"But I don't know where to get one," spoke the bunny.

"Oh, we boys will make one," answered the rabbit chap. "I'll get Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck; Jackie and Peetie Bow-wow, the puppy dog boys, and the Bushytail squirrel boys, and we'll make a cannon that shoots with a loud 'Bang-bang!' "

"All right," replied the bunny rabbit, turning away so his ears would hide his smile. "You may try."

Away rushed Sammie, as happy as a clam when it jumps out of the chowder to chase an oyster cracker around the salt-cellar.

"We're going to have a cannon! We're going to have a cannon!" Sammie cried, and all the animal boys shouted "Hurray!" like a little girl I know, who says that when she has finished dancing the foxtrot without stepping on the toes of Grandfather Goosey Gander.

Uncle Wiggily, a little later, was sitting in his soldier tent, about which I have told you, and as he ate his lunch of carrot sandwiches, with lettuce ice cream sprinkled through the

middle, he smiled. Then he laughed—"Ha! Ha!"

Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, who was hanging up clothes in the bungalow yard, heard the bunny.

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane. "Did one of the enemy mosquitoes tickle you under the chin?"

"No indeed," replied the bunny uncle, as he stood up and saluted his housekeeper in true soldier fashion. "I was just laughing at the thought of Sammie Littletail and his little animal boy friends making a cannon. It will be like Johnnie Bushytail's starch-box drum, I suppose a cannon made of paper as the kindergarten class in the hollow stump school, where the lady mouse teaches, makes baskets out of chalk dust. But it will be fun for them, though their cannon can no more keep away the mosquitoes than can my tall silk hat."

"Well, don't be too sure about it," spoke Nurse Jane, but Uncle Wiggily only laughed again, and ate the lollypop pudding ice cream

which the muskrat lady brought out to him.

When Sammie Littletail told the other animal chaps that Uncle Wiggily would let them make a cannon, to be fired in front of his war tent, to keep away the mosquitoes, all the rabbits, puppies, squirrels, ducks, guinea pigs, goats and other friends began to work. They spent all of one afternoon when school was out and what they made—

Well, you shall hear about that in a little while.

By and by it was coming on toward night in Woodland, where Uncle Wiggily, brave soldier gentleman rabbit that he was, marched up and down on guard in front of his tent.

“I think I must light my camp fire and see about getting supper,” said the bunny to himself. For he did most of his own cooking since he had started to be a soldier, and he stayed in the tent which he had put up near his hollow stump bungalow.

So Uncle Wiggily lighted his fire, and began to cook some turnips, but all at once—
“Bizz! Buzz!” out from the swamp where

they stayed during the day flew a lot of big, hungry and thirsty mosquitoes. Straight for Uncle Wiggily they flew and began biting him.

“Ouch!” he cried. “Oh, dear!” and he slapped himself on his neck and ears to drive away the biting bugs.

But more mosquitoes came—a regular army of them—and the soldier rabbit gentleman wished some of the animal boys, who were being trained by him to be soldiers also, would come with their bean-shooting pop-guns to drive the pests away.

Uncle Wiggily himself fired his own gun at the mosquitoes, but there were so many of them he could not drive them all away.

“Ha! This is the time we capture our enemy, the rabbit bunny captain!” cried the head mosquito. “Advance, comrades! Forward, march! Capture Uncle Wiggily!”

Well, the bad mosquitoes were just going to do this, when, down the woodland path sounded a rumbling, bumbling sound. At first Uncle Wiggily thought it was thunder, and he was glad, for a rain will sometimes

drive mosquitoes away. But the sky was clear and the stars twinkled brightly, so it could not be a shower.

The rumbling kept up, and then, all of a sudden, a brave voice cried:

“Ready, now! Take aim! Fire!”

“Bang!” went a big noise, and out toward the mosquitoes in front of Uncle Wiggily’s tent rushed a cloud of smoke and talcum and toothpowder. And right through the mess of mosquitoes shot needles, hat pins, safety pins, paper pins, buttons, hooks and eyes and everything like that!

“Whoo-ish!” cried the mosquitoes. “They are firing a cannon at us! We can’t stand this! Come on, fly away!” and they did.

Then Uncle Wiggily saw that Sammie and his animal boy friends had made a big cannon by pasting four long, round hat boxes together. They had fastened the cannon on some old baby carriage wheels, and they had loaded the pasteboard gun with tooth and talcum powder, and all sorts of pins, needles and other things they found on their mothers’ or sisters’ bureaus. And when the

cannon was fired at the mosquitoes, away they flew as fast as anything.

“Well, well!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, “I didn’t think you animal boys could make a cannon, but you did. I’m sorry I laughed at them, Nurse Jane.”

Nurse Jane was kind enough not to say “I told you so,” and every one was happy. And if the potatoes in my garden don’t try to look with their eyes over the fence and scare the radishes upside down I’ll tell you next time about Uncle Wiggily being blown up.

CHAPTER XIII

UNCLE WIGGILY IS BLOWN UP

"There is no use talking about it," said the captain of all the mosquitoes one morning. "Only in one way can we capture Uncle Wiggily Longears, that slippery soldier rabbit."

"How can we?" asked a small, fat biting chap.

"We shall have to blow him up," was the answer.

"Blow him up?" cried all the other mosquitoes, surprised like.

"Yes, otherwise we cannot get him out of his tent, and the trench or ditch he has dug in front of it, so we can't throw stones at him.

"You see," went on the mosquito captain, "if we get a lot of talcum powder, put it under Uncle Wiggily and set it alight with something like a red-hot hair curler he'll be blown up in the air, and when he's there, like a balloon, we can pounce on him and carry

him away to our swamp. On the ground he can run and hop along too fast for us, on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch he sometimes uses, and so only in the air can we nab him. Blow him up we must!"

"But how can we get the powder under him?" asked the fat mosquito. "He is always on guard and he'll shoot beans at us if we try to come near his tent."

"We must get some one to dig us a tunnel under the ground where it cannot be seen," said the captain mosquito. "Then we can crawl in this tunnel some night, fill it with powder and set it off with a long firecracker string, or fuse; as we soldiers should call them."

"But who will dig the tunnel in under Uncle Wiggily's tent?" asked the fat mosquito.

"I will!" cried a new voice, and there stood the bad fox. "I'll tunnel under that old rabbit man, who has so often gotten away from me," went on the fox, "and you mosquitoes can blow him up with talcum powder."

"Good!" cried the captain mosquito, but

for Uncle Wiggily it looked rather bad, I think.

"Now I'll start in," said the fox, so he began to dig a tunnel underneath the ground, from the mosquito swamp to where Uncle Wiggily had his trench. A fox, you know, is almost like a dog, and can dig with his fore feet and toe nails almost as well as a rabbit.

So the fox, keeping out of sight, burrowed underneath the dirt and stones until he was down beneath where the rabbit bunny gentleman was marching up and down on top in front of his tent, as a brave soldier should.

At the end of his tunnel the fox dug a hole, and in it put some talcum and tooth powder mixed together, and from it he carried back with him to the front door of the tunnel the fizzy-izzy spluttery-uttery end of the fire-cracker string fuse.

"Now," said the tunnel-making fox to the mosquitoes, "all you have to do is to light the string, which will carry the spark to the powder, and then Uncle Wiggily with his tent and trench will be blown sky high."

"And then we can easily catch him," said the captain of the biting bugs.

The mosquitoes caught a firefly, and with his warm glow lighted the end of the powder string. "Splutter!" it went, and the fire crept along to the mine at the end of the tunnel the fox had dug.

Not knowing anything about this, Uncle Wiggily went in his tent to take a little rest before school should be out, when he must drill the soldier animal boys with their wooden swords and bean-shooting popguns.

Then, all of a sudden, there was a big puff of white powder smoke right under the rabbit gentleman's tent, and up in the air he was blown, tent, crutch, popgun and everything.

"Oh, my! This is terrible! What has happened?" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he made a grab for something, he hardly knew what it was he was so excited. "Where am I going?"

All around him, as he flew through the air, buzzed the mosquitoes, for they had had the fox blow up poor Uncle Wiggily. And they sang:

"What goes up, must come down.

On your heads or on the ground!"

"And you'll come down on the ground, and then we'll catch you!" buzzed the biggest mosquito of them all.

Up and up and up went the rabbit gentleman, for the talcum and tooth powder, being flavored with wintergreen and sassafras, was very strong. And the fox had put plenty of it in the blow-up mine at the end of the tunnel. Up and up went dear, old Uncle Wiggily, like a balloon.

"Oh, if I only had my popgun!" he thought. "If I could only shoot some of these bad mosquitoes!"

But then he thought that would not stop him falling down and getting a terrible bump, and that, he knew must happen next, for surely what goes up must come down unless it is an airship.

And then Uncle Wiggily happened to look at what he had grabbed when he was blown up with his tent. It was his trusty umbrella—big and strong with ribs of steel, and a crooked handle that never would slip through his paw.

“Ha!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “Now I am safe!”

Just then he went as far up as the powder could blow him, and he began to fall down, like a ball.

“Now we shall grab him and bite him on the ears!” cried the army of enemy mosquitoes. “Ah, ha! Now we shall get him!”

“Not so! Ah, ha! This is the time I fool you!” cried Uncle Wiggily, and, as he began to fall he held the umbrella straight up over his head. Quickly it flew open and it was so big and broad, the umbrella was, that it floated on the air like a feather, holding up the bunny rabbit, so that he fell as slowly as though coming down in his airship.

Down and down he softly floated, the umbrella being just like a parachute the balloon man uses, and soon Mr. Longears was safe on the ground, ran to his safety trench, and the mosquitoes were so surprised at not seeing him all kerslostrated that they couldn’t say a word. So they didn’t get Uncle Wiggily after all, and I’m glad, and so was he. So this teaches us that sometimes it is a good

thing to have an umbrella, even though it doesn't rain.

And if the ice cream parlor doesn't go out in the candy kitchen and make faces at the apples dumplings, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the tapioca pudding.

CHAPTER XIV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PUDDING

"Ho, Nurse Jane! Are you going to the store?" called Uncle Wiggily Longears to his muskrat lady housekeeper one morning as he saw her coming out of the hollow stump bungalow with a basket on her paw.

"Why, yes, I am," she answered, looking over at the bunny rabbit gentleman who was practicing so he could be a soldier, and walking up and down in front of his tent. "Did you want me to bring anything?" Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy asked, for well she knew Uncle Wiggily, being a soldier, could not go and come as he pleased. He had to stay on guard near his tent, for there was no telling when the mosquito enemy might swoop down, biting every one.

"I'd like you to bring me some dried tapioca, so I can make a tapioca pudding," spoke the bunny uncle. "I want some for dessert tonight, when I finish drilling with the ani-

mal boys, who will stop here on their way from school."

"Tapioca you shall have," said Nurse Jane with a switch of her tail to put herself on the right track. "Do you know how to make it into a pudding?"

"Oh, yes," answered Uncle Wiggily. "You get the kernels of round, dried, hard tapioca, which are like little white marbles. Then you soak it in water until it is soft, then you mix it up with sugar and eggs and milk, and bake it in the oven. Oh, yes, I know how to make a tapioca pudding. You do it almost as though you were making a rice one."

"But don't soak as much tapioca as you did of rice, the time it swelled up and ran all over your tent," said Nurse Jane. "You only need a little dried tapioca, for it will make itself big as popcorn does."

"I'll remember," promised Uncle Wiggily, laughing as he thought of the mistake he had made with the rice, which story I have had the pleasure of telling you some pages back.

So while Nurse Jane went to the store for the tapioca, Uncle Wiggily marched like a

soldier up and down in front of his tent. It had been blown up, together with the rabbit gentleman, by the bad fox and the mosquitoes, using talcum and tooth powder, as I told you last night. But, when Uncle Wiggily came safely falling down, with the big umbrella as a parachute, the tent fell too, not being hurt, and it was set up again.

"There, now go ahead and make your tapioca pudding," said Nurse Jane, as she came back from the store and gave the bunny rabbit a package. "I'll watch for any bad mosquitoes while you make your dessert."

Uncle Wiggily was a pretty good cook, and having everything he needed in his tent he soon had the pudding made. He set it in the oven, where it began to bake or boil or fry or stew—whatever tapioca puddings should rightfully do.

"Ah, ha! It smells most delicious," said Uncle Wiggily as he sniffed the air. "Now I will go out on guard again until it is baked. There will be no need of your watching for the bad mosquitoes any longer, Nurse Jane," he said to the muskrat lady. "You may go

down to the three and four-cent store, if you like, buy yourself a pair of diamond earrings and charge them to me."

"I thank you," said Nurse Jane, and away she went, tying her tail in a double bow knot so the cows would not step on it.

The pudding was soon nicely baked, boiled, fried or stewed, and Uncle Wiggily, sitting in front of his tent, presently fell fast asleep, for the day was a warm, sunny one. And as he slept, a bad mosquito saw him.

"Ha! I know what I shall do," said the bad mosquito. "I'll sneak up, when Uncle Wiggily doesn't see me, asleep as he is, and I'll take all the bullets out of his gun. Then he can't shoot, and I'll get some of my other mosquito friends and we'll capture him, and carry him off to our swamp. I'd carry him alone only he is too large for me."

So this bad mosquito, flying softly up, took all the bean bullets out of Uncle Wiggily's popgun, leaving it unloaded. Then he flew off and called to all the other bad biting bugs.

"Come on!" he buzzed. "Now we can easily catch that rabbit. He can't shoot us!"

Out from their swamp swarmed the mosquito army. Boldly, and ready to bite, they sailed through the air toward the tent of the brave soldier rabbit. He was still asleep, but, all of a sudden he heard the buzzing of the wings of the mosquito pests in the air, and awakened.

"Ha! The enemy approaches!" cried Uncle Wiggily, just like a book. "I must shoot at them with my bean popgun."

But when the rabbit gentleman pulled the trigger there was only a puff of talcum powder and no bullets shot out to drive away the mosquitoes.

"Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!" cried the bad bugs. "You can't hurt us, but we can catch you. Buzz! Bizz! Bazz!"

"Oh, my goodness me, sakes alive, and some mustard lollypops!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "This is terrible! No bullets for my gun! What shall I do?"

"Do? What shall you do? Why use some of the round, white, hard tapioca bullets you have left over from making your pudding!" cried brave Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, who,

just then came back from the one and two-cent store with her diamond earrings.

"Round tapioca bullets! The very things!" cried the bunny rabbit. "I have plenty! I'll load my gun with them!"

Rushing into his tent he filled his popgun with the tapioca pellets, and these he shot at the mosquitoes.

"Biff! Bang!" they struck the bad biting bugs on their noses and toeses. "Bang! Bungo!"

"Oh! Oh!" buzzed the mosquitoes. "We thought Uncle Wiggily had no bullets, but he has!" And away they flew, leaving the bunny safe, thanks to the tapioca. And he gave Nurse Jane some of his pudding which was very nice.

And now, if the toy express wagon doesn't run off by itself down the street and scratch all the paint off the wax doll's nose, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the gold fish.

CHAPTER XV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE GOLD FISH

"Uncle Wiggily," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, to the bunny rabbit gentleman, "your soldier tent, in which you stay on guard since this mosquito war started, looks very unartistic like."

"Unartistic? What do you mean?" the bunny soldier wanted to know. "Does it leak?"

"No, I don't mean the rain comes in," said Nurse Jane, "but it looks bare and undecorated. You should have a picture or two on the walls, a bit of color here and there, a flower—or—or—something!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," went on Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "I'm going down to the ten-and-eleven-cent store, and I'll send you up something with which to decorate your tent."

"What will it be?" asked Uncle Wiggily, cautious like and crafty.

"I don't yet know," answered Nurse Jane. "I'll have to look about and see what they have."

"Anything'll suit me," said Uncle Wiggily unassumingly, indifferent and careless like, but at the same time appreciative. "A tiger skin rug or a cut glass bowl full of artificial roses will ornament my tent all right. We soldiers are not fussy."

"I know that," said the muskrat lady, and away she hopped down to the ten-and-eleven-cent store to get something with which to ornament Uncle Wiggily's tent, just as your teacher puts some pretty pictures on the blackboard so the room will look more like home.

Uncle Wiggily stayed on guard, marching up and down in front of his tent, now and then hopping down in the trench, or ditch, he had dug so the mosquito enemy could not throw stones at him. Uncle Wiggily's rheumatism hurt him hardly at all now, so he did not very often have to use his red, white and

blue striped crutch that Nurse Jane had gnawed for him out of a bean pole—I mean cornstalk.

All of a sudden, as the bunny rabbit gentleman soldier was putting some talcum powder in his gun, so he could shoot any mosquitoes in case they flew up to bite him, he heard someone call, in a loud voice:

“Whoa!”

“Ha! I wonder if the mosquitoes are riding up on horseback to get me!” thought Mr. Longears, but when he looked he only saw an automobile from the eleven-and-twelve-cent store. It stopped in front of his tent and the coachman from the twelve-and-thirteen-cent shop got down and asked:

“Does Uncle Wiggily Longears live here?”

“He does. I am he,” spoke the bunny, saluting with his sword.

“Then this is for you,” said the coachman from the thirteen-and-fourteen-cent store, “and Nurse Jane said be careful of it, and put in fresh water.”

“She must have sent me some flowers,” thought Mr. Longears as the coachman from

the fourteen-and-fifteen-cent store drove away in his airship, after handing the rabbit gentleman soldier a package.

Uncle Wiggily opened it, but, instead of being flowers there was a beautiful square glass tank of goldfish, swimming about amid waving green plants, while white sand gleamed on the bottom, just like on the floor of the ocean, where Father Neptune has his wonderful sand rugs.

And the tails of the fish were like waving palms, as they moved about as does a fairy princess at a waltz dance.

"Ha! They are very beautiful!" said the bunny uncle rabbit. "But I did not think Nurse Jane would send me such a thing to ornament my tent. However, I shall keep it."

Then the bunny put a little more water in the tank to take the place of some that had been spilled out by the stage-coach driver from the fifteen-and-sixteen cent store, and after that Uncle Wiggily kept on marching up and down in front of his tent to be on guard against the mosquito enemy.

Inside the tent was the tank of beautiful goldfish, and they swam about talking in whispers to themselves, for fish never talk out loud, or at least very seldom.

And then, the day being warm, Uncle Wiggily sat down in the shade of his tent to rest, thinking no mosquitoes would come to bother him. But, all of a sudden he fell fast, fast asleep.

And while he slept some mosquitoes, flying high in the air above the swamp, where they lived in a hollow log fort, saw the bunny rabbit gentleman.

"Ha! This is the time we can catch him!" they said. "We'll fly down, hide in his tent and as soon as he gets to sleep a little more soundly we'll grab him and fly away with him. Ah, ha!" and they played soft, shivery music on their bills.

Softly the mosquitoes flew down and into the tent of the brave, but sleeping soldier rabbit gentleman, they went to hide. But the first mosquito, going in, stumbled over the tank of ornamental goldfish and fell down.

"Ouch!" cried the mosquito, for he bumped

his nose. Then the second mosquito bumped into the first, and the third mosquito bumped into the second and the fourth mosquito bumped into the third, and the fifth mosquito—

Well, you know how it was—just like the seventeen-and-eighteen-cent-store business—more all the while, until every mosquito that came to steal Uncle Wiggily fell down one over the other and the whole pile of them stumbled and suddenly toppled over into the goldfish tank.

And the goldfish, being very hungry, and especially fond of mosquitoes, ate up every one of the bad, biting bugs, until there wasn't a one left of that particular army.

"My! It certainly is a good thing Nurse Jane sent me that tank of goldfish," said the bunny when he awakened and saw what had happened. So everybody was satisfied except the mosquitoes. And if the pussy cat doesn't try to make a hammock swing on the dog's tail, and fall off to go to sleep in the pansy bed, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily up a tree.

CHAPTER XVI

UNCLE WIGGILY UP A TREE

"Do you like the hot sun, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she stood one day in front of the soldier tent of the old rabbit gentleman, near his hollow stump bungalow.

"Do I like the hot sun?" he responded. "Not exactly."

"Then why do you have your tent right out in the open?" asked Nurse Jane. "Why don't you have it in the shady woods?"

"Because, if I did," answered Uncle Wiggily, "I could not keep a good lookout, and be on guard against the mosquitoes. I have to have an open space around me. And the sun sometimes is so warm that it makes me go to sleep, and before I know it the mosquitoes are after me."

"I thought so," spoke Nurse Jane. "And now I am going to make matters more pleasant for you. I am going over where Toodle

and Noodle Flattail, the beaver boys, live, near Grandpa Whacker, the oldest beaver of them all. I'm going to ask Toodle and Noodle to bring a tree from the woods, and plant it in front of your tent. Then you'll have a nice shade, and still there will be plenty of room for you to see the mosquitoes if they come."

"Fine!" cried Uncle Wiggily, making his pink nose twinkle like the end of an ice cream cone. "That will be just lovely!"

Toodle and Noodle, the beaver boys, said they would be glad to plant a tree in front of Uncle Wiggily's tent. They got some other beaver boys to help them, and uprooted a big horse chestnut that grew near the edge of the beaver pond.

Beavers don't very often uproot trees. They gnaw them down with their big front teeth, orange colored, which are almost as strong as a carpenter's chisels.

And when the tree was planted in front of Uncle Wiggily's tent it began to grow, for the beaver boys sprinkled it with water from the pond.

"Yes, it is certainly nice to sit in the shade

of the tree instead of in the hot sun," spoke the bunny uncle as he marched up and down, with his talcum powder bean shooting pop gun over his shoulder. "Nurse Jane was very kind to think of it."

"It would be a good thing if you could climb up the tree, Uncle Wiggily," said Jollie Longtail, the mouse boy, who stopped at the bunny uncle's soldier camp on his way home from school.

"Why?" asked the bunny.

"Because then you could look far off and see the mosquitoes long before they reached here," spoke Jollie. "The tree would be like a lighthouse tower for you to see from."

"So it would!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "But I can't climb a tree and never could."

"I can fix it so you can!" cried a new voice, and there stood Jacko Kinkytail, the monkey boy. "I'll make a little ladder for you, from a wild grape vine, fasten one end on the ground and the other end up in the tree and you can go up and down like on the stairs." said Jacko.

"That will be great," cried Uncle Wiggily. "It's fun being up a tree."

But just you wait and see what happens.

It did not take Jacko Kinkytail long to make the ladder out of the wild grape vine. He did not use the very wildest parts, for, if he had, the vine might have tried to jump about or stand on its head, playful like, and that would have made Uncle Wiggily fall.

So Jacko used the tamest parts of the wild grape vine, and soon Uncle Wiggily could climb the tree.

After that, when he was marching up and down on guard in front of his tent, and he happened to feel sleepy, he would just hop up into the tree instead of lying down to take a nap. And in this way he could tell when the bad army mosquitoes were coming from their swamp.

Every day Uncle Wiggily drilled the animal boys in how to carry their broomstick guns and how to be soldiers. They came after school, and one afternoon when the bunny rabbit gentleman was waiting for them he felt himself getting sleepy.

“Ha! I guess I’ll climb up in the tree,” he said. “That will keep me awake, and I can also see if any of the mosquito army is coming after me.”

So Mr. Longears climbed up the grape vine ladder. He looked off toward the mosquito swamp, but he saw none of the bad, biting bugs, and then, as he came to a soft place on one of the tree branches he sat down.

There were some prickly horse chestnut burrs on the tree, but they were not yet ripe, though the pricklers on them were sharp and stiff. But Uncle Wiggily did not sit on any of them.

Pretty soon it was so warm and comfortable up in the tree that the rabbit gentleman fell asleep. Fast asleep he fell—not falling out of the tree, though, you understand—and while he slept some mosquitoes saw him.

“Ha! Now is our chance to get that Uncle Wiggily Longears rabbit!” buzzed the mosquitoes. “We’ll tickle him on his pink, twinkling nose, and he’ll sneeze and fall down out of the tree. And when he falls he’ll be so stunned and not able to move that we

can easily pick him up in our bills and fly away with him."

So the mosquitoes buzzed straight for Uncle Wiggily, who was asleep up in the tree. But the mosquitoes did not see the sharp, prickly horse chestnut burrs, and as they flew against them the burrs stuck the bad biting bugs on their legs, wings and bills, and it was the mosquitoes themselves who sneezed and fell out of the tree, and not the bunny.

But, of course, falling didn't hurt them, as they had wings, but they made so much noise that Uncle Wiggily was awakened, and, seeing the mosquits (as I call them for short), he fired his talcum powder gun at them and drove them all away.

Then the bunny came down his tame-wild grapevine ladder, glad indeed that he had a tree near his tent. And if the rag doll doesn't take the red cheeks of the apple to make herself look pretty for the moving pictures, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the snail.

CHAPTER XVII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SNAIL

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman soldier, was marching on guard up and down in the trench in front of his tent, near his hollow stump bungalow, he heard a voice calling:

“Help! Help! Help!”

“Ha!” cried Uncle Wiggily, standing his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch up in a pile of sand, for he could walk without it just then. “Ha! That sounds like old times. Someone is in trouble, and I hope I may be able to help them.”

Then he took up his bean-shooting talcum powder gun, and, putting it over his shoulder, he marched toward where he had heard the call, sort of singing to himself a rub-a-dub-dub drum tune.

“Halt!” cried Uncle Wiggily to himself, as he reached the end of his trench, or ditch, which he had dug so he could stay down in it

where the bad mosquito enemies could not bite him, or throw stones at him. "Halt! 'Bout face! What's the matter?" and he stood up stiff and straight like a lollypop stick, as any soldier should. "Who called for help?" asked the bunny.

"I did," answered a slow, soft and easy voice.

"And who are you?" the rabbit gentleman wanted to know.

"I am the snail," was the answer. "I put out my horns just now, like a little Keelo cow, as it tells about me in the Mother Goose book, and both of my horns stuck in the sand bank here."

Then Uncle Wiggily looked down, and on the bottom of his trench he saw a big snail. And the snail's horns were caught fast in the soft sand of the side of the trench, or ditch.

"Ha! This is too bad!" cried the bunny. And with the sharp bayonet of his gun he dug away the sand from around the snail's horns so the creature could wiggle himself loose, which he did.

"Thank-you-very-much," said the slow

snail slowly. "Why!" he exclaimed in surprise—that is as much surprise as a snail can show — "I didn't-know-you-were-a-soldier—Uncle—Wiggily."

"Oh, yes, I'm training to be one," answered the bunny. "And I'm also training the animal boys. Of course I'm not a very good soldier yet, but I'm fighting the mosquitoes, and that's something."

"Indeed-it-is," said the snail. "I-wish-I-could-be-a-soldier," he slowly went on. "Do-you-think-you-could-train me?"

Uncle Wiggily wanted to be kind, and not hurt the snail's feelings. But he knew the small snail was much too slow ever to be a soldier (who has to run and jump) only he did not like to say so.

"Could-I-be-a-soldier?" asked the snail. "Now-don't-be-in-any-hurry-to-answer - me, Uncle Wiggily," he said very, very slowly, indeed. "Take-your-time. Next-week-or-the-week-after-will-do-well-enough-to - let - me - know. I'm-in-no-hurry."

"Oh, all right," said Uncle Wiggily, glad he did not have to answer just then. And he

thought in about two weeks the snail would think of something else he would rather be than be a soldier; say a barrel of molasses or the hour hand of the clock, which moves so slowly you can hardly see it—almost like a snail.

“Well, I’ll see you again,” said the bunny uncle, as he walked back toward his soldier tent.

“Thank-you,” answered the snail. “I’ll-expect-an-answer-from-you-in-a - month - or two, or-may-be-next-year. You-were-very-kind-to-pull-my-horns-loose - from - the-sand-bank.”

“Pray do not mention it,” said Uncle Wiggily, modest like and shy.

“If - ever - I - can - do - you - a - favor - I - will,” spoke the snail, as it slowly crawled away, and Uncle Wiggily quickly hopped back to his tent. By this time Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys, and some of the other animal chaps were home from school and Uncle Wiggily marched them about and showed them how to be soldiers.

And the next day something happened.

The bunny rabbit gentleman was taking a little sleep out in front of his tent, when, all of a sudden, down on him swooped a lot of bad mosquitoes. They were just going to catch him, and take him away to their den in the dismal swamp, when, all of a sudden, a voice called:

“Halt! Don’t you dare to touch Uncle Wiggily!”

“Why not? Who are you?” asked the mosquito captain, buzzing and savage-like.

“You wait until I get there and you’ll see!” was the answer, but the mosquitoes looking around could see no one.

“Oh, come on! Let’s bite Uncle Wiggily. I’m awful hungry!” said a savage mosquito, as I call him for short.

“Don’t you dare to bite my bunny friend!” said the big voice again. “You wait until I get there, and then you may bite him as often as you please. Just wait!”

“Where are you?” asked the mosquito captain.

“I am coming,” answered the voice. “Will



you promise me not to bite Uncle Wiggily until I get there?"

"Yes, we'll promise," said the mosquito. cap., which is shorter still. "We won't hurt him, or take him away until you get here. Maybe that's one of our head generals," said the captain mosquito to the others.

"Say, when are you going to get here?" asked the captain mosquito, a little later, when he and the others had waited about two hours.

"Oh, I'll get there after a while," was the answer. "You see I am the snail, and it will take me about fifteen years and ten days to get to where you are. I'm starting to crawl to you around the earth backwards, but, mind you, don't you dare to touch Uncle Wiggily until I get back! You promised!"

"Yes, so we did," sadly said the mosquito captain. "But if I had known you were a slow snail I never would have told you we would wait. But we will, for I said we would."

The mosquitoes had to keep their promise, and when they saw the snail, and watched

him crawling backward around the earth, knowing it would be many years before he came to where they held Uncle Wiggily a prisoner, they had to let the bunny rabbit go, for they could not hold him that long.

Away flew the mosquitoes as mad as hops, and so the snail saved the bunny after all. And if the lollypop doesn't fall off the stick and get lost in the bag of peanuts when it goes to the moving pictures, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey.

CHAPTER XVIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND GRANDPA GOOSEY

"What is the matter, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Grandpa Goosey Gander, the goose gentleman, one day, as he waddled across in front of the army tent, where the rabbit bunny was learning to be a soldier and fight the mosquitoes in the war. "You seem very tired and sleepy, Mr. Longears," went on Grandpa Goosey.

"I am," answered Uncle Wiggily, opening wide his mouth to yawn, at the same time making his pink nose twinkle like a dill pickle at a Sunday school picnic. "You see, I have been awake so much nights, standing on guard in the trenches and in front of my tent, so the enemy mosquitoes would not get me, that I can almost go to sleep now standing on my head."

"Why don't you?" asked Grandpa Goosey.

"It would look so funny!" Uncle Wiggily answered. "I don't want to be eccentric."

"Maybe you can sleep tonight, then," spoke the goose gentleman.

"No, I'm afraid not," sadly replied the bunny rabbit. "I must keep guard tonight, also, for there is no telling when the enemy mosquitoes will come!"

"Ha, hum!" exclaimed Grandpa Goosey, sort of flapping one wing careless like. "I think I shall find a way so you will get some sleep tonight, Mr. Longears."

"I wish you would," said Uncle Wiggily, this time making his pink nose twinkle like a raisin in a rice pudding and at the same time stretching his paws sleepy-like. "I certainly would like to get a good night's rest, but still someone must be on guard against the mosquitoes, for that is a soldier's life. Ho! Hum!"

"Oh, someone will be on guard, all right," promised Grandpa Goosey, and with that he waddled off toward his own penhouse.

Uncle Wiggily kept on marching up and down in front of his tent with his talcum powder bean-shooter popgun on his shoulder, learning to be a soldier so he could teach

the animal boys what to do in war time, when the mosquitoes are very pestery.

That evening Grandpa Goosey Gander, taking a cornmeal sandwich in his pocket, started from his pen in his automobile, made with potato paring seats and an apple core for a steering wheel.

"Where in the world are you going?" asked Grandma Goosey.

"I am going to stand guard in front of Uncle Wiggily's soldier tent so he can get some sleep," answered Grandpa Goosey. "It is not fair that he should stay awake every night. I must do my share of guard duty."

"But can you keep awake?" asked Mrs. Goosey.

"Of course I can," honked Grandpa Gander, as he started his automobile by pulling the onion stalk that was a handle to make it go. "If I get sleepy I'll just eat my cornmeal sandwich. Uncle Wiggily must get some rest."

So off rode Grandpa Goosey Gander to the trench where Uncle Wiggily was still on guard.

"Now you go right in your hollow stump bungalow and get some sleep, Uncle Wiggily," cheerfully said Grandpa Goosey, as he wheeled his baked apple automobile to the edge of the trench-ditch, where the rabbit gentleman hid when the mosquitoes were throwing stones at him. "I'm going to be the guard soldier in your place, Mr. Longears."

"That is very kind of you," said Uncle Wiggily, yawning and gaping. "But are you sure you won't fall asleep?"

"Of course not!" cried Grandpa Goosey. "I have a cornmeal sandwich to keep me awake."

"Yes, do come and get some rest," begged Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she stood in the doorway of the hollow stump bungalow.

So in hopped Uncle Wiggily, and Grandpa Goosey Gander, taking the toothpowder bean-shooting popgun, walked up and down on guard in front of the soldier tent.

"Ah, ha! Ah, hum!" exclaimed Grandpa Goosey, buttoning his feather-lined overcoat

more closely about him. "I should like to see the mosquito enemy who can fool me!"

Night came, and it was very dark and warm and still. In spite of what he had said, Grandpa Goosey began to feel sleepy.

"This will never do!" he quacked. "I'll eat my cornmeal sandwich and keep awake."

Well, this did keep him awake for a time, but soon he was more sleepy than ever.

"I'll just close my eyes for a second," thought the gander goose gentleman. "The mosquitoes will never know it."

So he leaned back against the trunk of a tree, which was rather soft, and soon—soon—s-o-o-n Grandpa Goosey was as sound asleep as was Uncle Wiggily in the hollow stump bungalow.

"Ah, ha!" buzzed the bad enemy mosquitoes, who were waiting for something just like this to happen. "Ah, ha! Now we can fly over, capture Grandpa Goosey, the tent, Uncle Wiggily, Nurse Jane and everybody. Come on!"

Up buzzed the mosquitoes from where they were hiding, and straight toward poor, sleep-

ing Grandpa Goosey they rushed. But did they get him and Uncle Wiggily? They did not.

The first mosquitoes stumbled over the roasted peanut automobile of the gander gentleman that was tied just outside the soldier tent.

"Bang! Bang!" burst the blown-up paper bag on the green pepper steering wheel. "Bang! Bang!" Grandpa Goosey always kept a blown-up paper bag tied on his auto to crack and burst open, so he could shoo animals out of the way of his auto, instead of blowing a honk-honk horn.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried all the mosquitoes, as they heard the loud noise which happened when they fell on the bag and burst it. "Grandpa Goosey isn't asleep after all! He is shooting his talcum powder popgun at us. Oh! Oh!" cried the bad mosquitoes.

Then the mosquits (as I call them for short) flew away, and Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey slept in peace until morning, not even a fly bothering them.

So it is a good thing the gander gentle-

man left his auto where the mosquitoes would stumble and fall over it and burst the surprise bag. And if the cow bell doesn't call the little chickens in so late for dinner that there are no lollypops for them to eat, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the tulip flower.

CHAPTER XIX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE TULIP

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!" called the captain mosquito to all his soldier mosquitoes, as they flew about the swamp where they lived when they were not trying to catch Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman. "Buzz! Buzz! Come here, all you biting bugs!"

"What is the matter now?" asked one who had yellow spots on his wings to show that he rode on a horse-fly when he went to battle.

"I have thought of a plan by which we may capture the rabbit bunny uncle," said the head captain mosquito. "Listen, all of you."

So they all listened, sitting on the under-side of leaves, where no one could see them.

"You know," went on the captain mosquito, "that when we tried to capture Grandpa Goosey Gander, who stood guard while Uncle Wiggily slept, that someone fired a gun at us."

"Yes," buzzed all the other mosquitoes. "We know!"

It wasn't really a gun, as you know. For what made the bang noise, as I told you in the story last night, was a blown-up paper bag on the lollypop automobile of the gander gentleman, the mosquitoes having stumbled over and burst it.

"Now, my plan," went on the captain mosquito, "is first to get Uncle Wiggily's gun, and then capture him. If he has no gun he cannot shoot at us."

"Very true," said a mosquito with red spots on his wings, which showed that he liked to dance the fox trot.

"Then," proceeded the head biting bug, "tonight we will fly over where Uncle Wiggily is on guard in front of his tent, take away his gun, and the rest will be easy. Now go to sleep, for there is much to be done after dark."

So the mosquitoes went to sleep, which they always do in the daytime, giving them that much more chance to bother us at night.

And now we will see what Uncle Wiggily is doing.

The bunny rabbit gentleman was marching up and down in front of his soldier tent, wondering what next he could teach the animal boy soldiers, when along came Jillie Longtail, the mousie girl. In her paw she carried a red flower.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" exclaimed Jillie. "Wouldn't you like a red tulip for your tent?"

"Indeed I would," said the rabbit gentleman. "It will make my tent look very pretty."

"I'll plant the tulip in the cool ground, and pour a little water on it," said Jillie. "Of course it won't grow, having no roots, but it will keep fresh longer that way."

So, while Uncle Wiggily marched up and down, with his talcum powder popgun held straight up from his shoulder, Jillie planted the red tulip in front of his tent. Very straight and stiff the flower stood up in the ground, and in the middle of it the round yellow thing, like a finger, stood up straight,

too. This part is called a pistil, but it cannot shoot, not being spelled like a powder pistol.

“Ha! That looks very pretty,” said Uncle Wiggily, as Jillie patted the earth around the tulip to make it stand up straighter than ever. “Thank you!”

Then the animal boys came from school—Sammie Littletail, the rabbit; Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppies—and Uncle Wiggily gave them lessons in being soldiers.

Meanwhile the mosquitoes were waiting for night to come when they could swoop down on Uncle Wiggily, take his gun away from him and carry him off to their swamp, where they would bite him and bite him and bite, making him itch all over.

“Well, I guess it is about time to start,” said the captain mosquito, as darkness came over the swamp. “Mind, now! All of you make a rush for his gun the first thing you do. Never mind the rabbit himself until we get Uncle Wiggily’s gun, so he can’t shoot.”

“Are we all going over to his tent at once?”

asked a biting bug with a blue necktie, which showed that he liked ice cream cones.

"No, only about a thousand of us will go over to get his gun," said the head mosquito. "The rest of you stay back in the bushes until I call you, which I'll do as soon as we have his gun. Come on now."

Away flew the mosquitoes. Uncle Wiggily, standing on guard in front of his tent, was wondering what Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, would have for his breakfast, when he happened to think of the tulip flower Jillie Longtail, the mouse girl, had given him.

"I must not leave that out all night," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll bring it in the tent. But first I must get my lightning bug lantern, so I can see."

With some fireflies in an old pickle bottle, which made as fine a lantern as heart could wish, Uncle Wiggily went to get the red tulip flower. He left his gun in his tent, and, as he was stooping over to pick the tulip out of the earth down swooped the thousand mosquitoes.

"There is his gun!" buzzed the captain. "That straight sticking-up thing with red all around it. That red is fire-powder, I guess. Get the gun!"

Then all those foolish mosquitoes, thinking the pistil part of the tulip was Uncle Wiggily's gun, flew inside the flower, which was like a big cup.

At first the bunny rabbit gentleman was very much surprised to see so many of the biting bugs, but when he heard what the mosquito captain said he knew just what to do.

With his handkerchief Uncle Wiggily tied tightly shut the top part of the tulip flower, catching every mosquito fast inside it, with the up-sticking green thing they thought was the popgun.

"Ah, ha! I have caught you instead of you getting my gun!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and so he had. Then he took the mosquitoes out of the tulip and stuck them on some sticky gum of a pine tree, where they could not get loose to bite him. Then he took the tulip inside his tent and nothing more bothered him that night.

And if the tick-tick part of the watch doesn't hide in the clock where the pendulum is playing tag with the hands, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and his boots.

CHAPTER XX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND HIS BOOTS

"Will you be around here all day, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she came out of the hollow stump bungalow one morning, and looked over toward the tent where the rabbit gentleman was on soldier guard duty.

"Oh, yes, indeed, Janie," he answered, joking like. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Nothing, except just stay here," she answered. "I didn't want to go away and leave the bungalow all alone."

"Well, I'll be around all day," Uncle Wiggily said. "I have to stay pretty close to my tent since the enemy mosquitoes are getting so bold. The bungalow will be all right if you leave it. But where are you going?"

"Down to the three and four cent store," said Nurse Jane. "I have some shopping to do, and I have left a cold rice pudding, with

carrot sauce sprinkled over the top, in the ice box for your lunch."

"Very good," said Uncle Wiggily, wagging his ears, for he liked rice pudding very much indeed.

So Nurse Jane went to the three and four cent store, while Uncle Wiggily marched up and down in front of his tent on guard, his talcum powder gun, which shot bean bag bullets, ready to pop over any mosquitoes he might see.

And now, as I know you are wondering what Nurse Jane wanted to buy at the store, I'll tell you. It was a pair of boots for Uncle Wiggily. Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy had once seen a big bear soldier with boots on, and she had said to herself:

"Why can't Uncle Wiggily have a pair like them to keep his feet warm at night? He shall have them—I'll get him a pair."

Now, you know what Nurse Jane was going to get at the three and four cent store. It did not take the muskrat lady long to buy the boots for Uncle Wiggily, but she spent all the rest of the day getting a piece of lace

with holes in it like a Swiss cheese, so she did not get home until supper time.

"Here are your boots, Uncle Wiggily," said the muskrat lady housekeeper. "I hope you will like them."

"Of course, I shall!" cried the bunny uncle, twinkling his pink nose in delight. He tried them on. They fitted him just right, and so loosely that he could jump in and out of them very quickly, just as a fireman can do before he slides down the brass pole to get a ride on the hose wagon.

"I'll wear the new boots tonight when I am on guard in my trench-ditch," said Uncle Wiggily. "No mosquitoes can bite through them."

So, after supper, the bunny uncle, putting on his new boots, began to march up and down in the trench, which was something like a tunnel dug in front of his tent, only it had no top on it.

Now about this time the mosquitoes were trying to think of another way to catch Uncle Wiggily. They had not gotten his gun away

from him, though they tried, as I told you in the story last night.

"But I have another plan," said a bad mosquito who had very funny eyes that made you think of moving pictures. "You know Uncle Wiggily caught a lot of our friends last night and stuck them fast in the sticky gum from the pine tree."

"Yes; what of it?" asked the other of the biting bugs."

"This," answered the queer-eyed chap. "We can get some of that same sticky gum, spread it on the ground in the bunny rabbit's trench-ditch and when he walks in it his feet will be caught fast. Then we can take his gun away and fly with him to the swamp."

"Good!" cried all the others. "We'll do it!"

So, as soon as it was dark they gathered sticky-icky gum from the pine tree, putting it on leaves so as not to clutter up their legs and bills, and this gum, like the stuff on fly paper, the mosquitoes spread in Uncle Wiggily's trench while he was in his tent eating supper.

"We'll have him when he comes out," buzzed the mosquitoes.

Pretty soon, with his pop gun, out came the rabbit gentleman. He had on the new boots Nurse Jane had bought for him, and very proud he was of them—not too proud, you understand, but just proud enough.

"I should like to see a mosquito get me now!" cried the bunny uncle, as he marched along very stiff and straight, like a rocking horse on parade.

And just then, sorry as I am to have to tell it, Uncle Wiggily stepped in the sticky pine tree gum on the bottom of the trench.

"Oh!" he cried, as he found he could not move his paws. "Oh, dear! What is this?"

"Ha! Now is our chance! Come on!" cried the buzzing mosquitoes. "We have caught that rabbit now!"

Down they swarmed to take Uncle Wiggily's talcum powder gun away from him, and carry him off to their swamp. But did they get him?

They did not!

All of a sudden, as soon as the bunny rab-

bit gentleman found he was caught fast in the pine tree gum, he gave a great, big, extraordinary high jump, and right out of his new boots he leaped.

He left the boots standing fast in the sticky-icky gum, and then, keeping clear of the tangle-stuff in his bare paws (which did not matter as the night was warm) Uncle Wiggily shot his pop gun straight at the bad mosquitoes.

"Bang! Bang!" he fired his gun.

"Oh, he's loose! The rabbit is loose from the sticky stuff and he can chase us!" cried the mosquitoes, and then, being very much afraid, away they flew, leaving Uncle Wiggily and his boots alone.

In the morning Nurse Jane, using a long pole, greased the boots with butter, and got them loose from the sticky gum, which was soon cleaned out of the trench. So the rabbit gentleman was all right. And if the horse chestnut tree doesn't run away with the fence post, and spill the feathers out of the sofa cushion, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the queer perfume.

CHAPTER XXI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PERFUME

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit soldier gentleman, was hopping along over the fields and through the woods one day, lightly and blithesomely swinging his red, white and blue-striped barber pole rheumatism crutch that Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk, when he suddenly stopped as he heard a sad voice say:

"Oh, dear! What trouble I am in!"

"Ha! That sounds like old times!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I have not had a chance to help very many of my animal friends since I became a soldier—I have been so busy fighting the mosquitoes. But now, it seems, someone needs me. I wonder who it is?"

"It is I, if you please," went on the little voice.

"And who are you?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"I am the lady bug," was the answer, "and one of my feet is caught in a crack in this rail fence. I wish you would help me out."

"I will," said Uncle Wiggily, and he did.

"Thank you, kindly," spoke the lady bug very politely. "You did me a great favor, and I would like to do one for you."

"Pray do not mention it," spoke the bunny uncle, diffident-like and unsupercilious. " 'Twas a small matter."

"Not to me, though I am not very large," spoke the lady bug. "But how comes it, Uncle Wiggily, that you are not on guard in front of your soldier tent? I thought you never left it since the mosquito war started."

"I am off for the afternoon," said the bunny. "Sammie Littletail, my rabbit nephew, is getting to be quite a bunny boy now, and he is almost as large as I am. So I dressed him up in my tall silk hat (an old one I had), put my fur overcoat on him, with my trench boots, and so, with my talcum powder gun on his shoulder, he looks almost

like me. The mosquitoes will think I am on guard and will not try to blow up my trench or capture my tent."

"Then you are out looking for adventures," asked the lady bug.

"I am," said Uncle Wiggily, "and, thanks to having helped you, I have had one. And that reminds me!" he said, suddenly. "Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, my muskrat lady housekeeper, asked me to bring her a bottle of perfume, as she is going to a party at the home of Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, tonight. But I forgot all about the sweet-smelling stuff. I shall have to go back to the drug store for it, and I hardly will have time, for I promised to be back early and let Sammie Littletail go play marbles with Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel. Oh, dear!"

"Don't worry," said the lady bug. "I can get you some perfume from the woods that will be as nice as any you could get Nurse Jane in the drug store."

"And will you do it?" asked the bunny.

"I will, indeed, because you helped me. Wait here."

With that the lady bug flew away home, not because her house was on fire, but because she wanted to help Uncle Wiggily, and soon she came back with a bottle almost as large as herself, but quite small at that.

"This perfume is very strong," she said, "and all Nurse Jane will have to use will be a drop as large as the smallest tear of a tiny gnat or humming bird."

"That is very little," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'm sure Nurse Jane will like it. Thank you!"

Then Uncle Wiggily hopped back on his way to his soldier tent and the trench near his hollow stump bungalow, where he kept guard against the mosquitoes, who were at war with him.

Uncle Wiggily put the tiny bottle of perfume in his pocket, and, pulling his tall silk hat down tightly over his ears, he hurried on, for he did not like to keep Sammie on guard too long, since the rabbit boy had said he wanted to have some fun.

But the bunny rabbit man had come farther than he knew, and afternoon was al-

most over when he was still a long way from his bungalow.

"I know what I'll do," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll take a short cut through the mosquito swamp. It is daylight yet, and I don't believe any of the bad bugs will be flying about to bite me. I'll take a chance."

So he took a short cut across the swamp, but when he had hopped nearly through it, leaping from one clump of grass to another, all of a sudden out swarmed the bad buzzing mosquitoes.

"Ha! Now we have him! Now we can get Uncle Wiggily! He has no gun with him!" they cried.

Right at him they flew, some getting ready to bite him on his ears, others on his legs and still others on his pink, twinkling nose.

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily, slapping his paws about, as you do your hands when you're in a cloud of mosquitoes. And, all of a sudden, as he slapped with his paws, Uncle Wiggily hit the bottle of perfume in his pocket, and the glass broke!

All at once a strange smell filled the air. The mosquitoes sniffed it and cried:

"Oh, we must run away, quickly! Oh, we cannot stand this. We'll get the epizootic!"

"Ha! Of course you will!" cried Uncle Wiggily, "for that perfume is like pennyroyal, and no mosquito can stand that any more than he can the smell of citronella. I'm glad the lady bug gave me this kind of perfume for Nurse Jane."

Then Uncle Wiggily sprinkled more of it around, driving off the last of the mosquitoes, who were almost choked by it. But the pennyroyal smell did not bother Uncle Wiggily at all. He used up all the lady bug had given him, but she brought more so Nurse Jane could go to the party, and everything came out all right, you see.

So the mosquitoes didn't get the bunny uncle that time, and Sammie had lots of fun playing marbles. And if the rain drop doesn't fall down stairs and splash all over the June bug's new dress I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane's sweater.

CHAPTER XXII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SWEATER

"Well, you have it almost done, I see," spoke Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as he sat on the front porch of his hollow stump bungalow one day.

He looked over at Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, who was knitting a sweater, or sort of woolen coat, as were many of her friends. The sweaters were to go to the animal soldiers who were fighting in the mosquito war.

"Yes, I'll have the sweater finished in a few days," spoke Nurse Jane. "But I do wish I had some sort of a bag to carry it around in, with my knitting needles and balls of yarn, as my animal lady friends have. The sweater is getting quite large. I've a good notion to buy me a bag."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Uncle Wiggily quickly.

"Why not?" asked the muskrat lady.

"Well, you'll soon have the sweater finished and then you won't need a bag to carry it around in," said Mr. Longears, dissembling like.

But the truth of the matter was, as you know, he had already bought Nurse Jane a nice sweater bag, and was going to give it to her for her birthday, tomorrow. So, of course, he didn't want her to buy one.

"Well, I'm going to knit a scarf after I finish the sweater," said the muskrat lady. "I'll need a bag for that."

"Oh, I wouldn't buy one," said the bunny uncle again, twinkling his funny pink nose in a lollypop sort of way. "Just wait, Nurse Jane. I am going off to find an adventure, so don't buy a bag until I come back."

Uncle Wiggily didn't really intend to go away, as it was near lunch time, but he just said that so Nurse Jane would stop talking about the sweater bag he had as a surprise for her.

However, as it happened, just then the telephone, which was made of a morning glory

flower, rang ting-a-ling-ling, and Nurse Jane answered it.

"Yes, I'll be right over," Uncle Wiggily heard her say. Then the muskrat lady, coming out on the porch of the hollow stump bungalow, went on:

"Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, wants me to come over to her house and show her how to pick up some dropped stitches in the sweater she is knitting. I'll leave mine here and trot along. I'll be back in time to get you something to eat before you go looking for an adventure."

"Very good," said Uncle Wiggily. All he wanted was to get Nurse Jane out of the idea of buying a bag for herself.

So the bunny rabbit gentleman sat on the porch near Nurse Jane's partly knitted sweater, which she left over a chair, and soon Mr. Longears fell asleep. When he awakened there was an adventure all ready and waiting for him.

It wasn't a nice adventure, either, for, when the bunny rabbit opened his eyes, he saw, standing in front of him, the bad old

babboon monkey who had promised to be good, but who had broken his word, I am sorry to say.

"Well, here I am," said the babboon, cross like and impolite.

"So I see," remarked Uncle Wiggily. "Did you want me?"

"Yes, and anything else I can get around here!" snapped the babboon. "I haven't had anything in a long while and here's where I make up for it! First, I'll take this!" he cried, as he caught up Nurse Jane's sweater, "and then I'll take you."

"Oh, please don't do that!" begged Uncle Wiggily, meaning for the babboon not to take what Nurse Jane had been knitting.

"Yes, I shall, too!" snapped the babboon, showing his teeth, and they were not nice ones, either.

With that the babboon put on the sweater Nurse Jane had knitted, though it was not quite done. And, wearing that, he was just going to grab Uncle Wiggily and take him away when, all of a sudden, the bad monkey cried:

“Oh, wow! Oh, ouch! Oh, I’m being stuck with pins and thorns. Oh, take ’em away! Oh, take it off! Oh, this is a trick of yours, Uncle Wiggily!”

With that the babboon monkey turned a back somersault, squirming himself out of the sweater, and away he ran as fast as he could go, leaving Uncle Wiggily safe and sound.

“What made him run?” asked the bunny when Nurse Jane came back.

“I guess the sharp knitting needles I left in my sweater stuck him hard!” said the muskrat lady with a laugh. And so they had. Once more the bunny had been saved.

The next day he gave Nurse Jane her bag, and she liked it very much.

And, if it doesn’t rain chocolate drops and scare the lollypop so it tickles the peanut taffy when they go to the moving pictures, I’ll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane’s scarf.

CHAPTER XXIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SCARF

"Excuse me for asking," spoke Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, to Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, "but what are you making now?"

Nurse Jane was sitting on the front porch of the hollow stump bungalow knitting something long and rather thin, that dragged down on the floor, even though part of it was in the new knitting bag the rabbit gentleman had given her.

"What is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"It's a scarf I'm knitting for the animal soldiers that go to the mosquito war," answered the muskrat lady.

"Ha! Ha! Excuse me for laughing," went on the pink twinkling nose rabbit, "but what good is a scarf for a soldier? Can he shoot his talcum powder gun at the enemy with it?"

"No," answered Nurse Jane, and her tail sort of curled up sarcastic like, "but the animal soldier can wrap the warm knitted scarf around his neck and keep from getting cold. If he doesn't get cold and the enemy mosquito does, my scarf-soldier can fight so much better."

"I never thought of that," said the bunny rabbit gentleman, sort of disproportionate like.

"Humph!" sniffed Nurse Jane, not quite appeased, which means ready to make friends.

"Anyhow," went on Uncle Wiggily, "I think your scarf is much too long, Nurse Jane. It will only get tangled up in the feet of the soldier who wears it, and trip him up, so the enemy mosquito can sting him."

"Oh, is that so?" asked Nurse Jane, and she spoke real peevish like and not at all assimilating. "Well," she said, I wish you would do me a favor, Uncle Wiggily. Please take my scarf down to the house of Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady. She promised to knit a bright red stripe on each end, and I

would like her to do it, as I have none of that color wool."

"I'll do it," Uncle Wiggily said, most cheerfully. "But it is a very long scarf, Nurse Jane."

So, folding it up, in order that it might not trip him, Uncle Wiggily took the scarf over his shoulder and set off through the woods and over the fields to the home of Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady.

Uncle Wiggily, with his pink, twinkling nose, had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, there was a rustling in the bushes and a voice cried:

"Help! Help! Oh, will no one help me get him out?"

"Ha! That sounds like trouble, and it may mean an adventure for me!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I must see if I cannot help! Here I go!"

He started toward the bushes, but, being a wise and crafty old rabbit gentleman, and thinking it might be the bad fox or skillery-scalery alligator trying to play a trick on him to catch him, Uncle Wiggily first took a



look and then a peep before he jumped out in plain sight.

What he saw made him hurry, I can tell you! There, beside a big hole in the ground filled with water and called a well, stood Joie Kat, the kitten boy.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, my! Will no one help me get him out?" meaowed Joie.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"My brother, Tommie Kat, is down in the well," said Joie. "We were playing 'Ding dong bell, pussy's in the well,' and Tommie fell in. There's more to the verse about 'who put him in, Little Johnnie Green and who pulled him out, Big Johnnie Stout, and—'"

"That's enough!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Don't stand there reciting Mother Goose rhymes when your brother's in the well! Hurry! Help me get him out!"

"But how?" meaowed Joie.

"Help me unwind this long scarf of Nurse Jane's," said the rabbit gentleman. "We'll lower that down the well to Tommie, as if it were a rope, and so pull him out."

Down into the well they lowered the scarf Nurse Jane had knitted. Even if it did not have the red stripes on the end Tommie Kat could stick his sharp claws in it, and by means of it Uncle Wiggily and Joie pulled him from the well. Tommie was wet, but not otherwise hurt.

“Thanks for getting me out,” he said.

“Don’t mention it,” spoke Uncle Wiggily. “I guess, after all, it’s a good thing Nurse Jane made her scarf so long, otherwise it wouldn’t have reached to the bottom of the well.”

And if the little mouse doesn’t chew on a safety match and burn his whiskers so he looks like a false-face, I’ll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Susie’s bag.

CHAPTER XXIV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND SUSIE'S BAG

Susie Littletail, the bunny rabbit girl, was knitting a sky-blue-pink sweater for her brother Sammie to wear to school when cold weather came. Susie knew how to knit very well, for Grandmother Lightfoot, the old squirrel lady, had taught her.

Grandmother Lightfoot had knitted mittens, stockings and scarfs for many years, and also sweaters for the animal soldiers who went away to the mosquito war.

"When is my sweater going to be done, Susie?" asked Sammie one day when he came home from the hollow stump school.

"Oh! very soon, I hope," answered Susie, as she put some pink yarn next to the blue to get a sky effect. "I could make it faster, though," said Susie, "if I had a nice big bag, like some of the animal ladies have, in which they carry around their worsted, yarn and knitting needles."

"Why do you need a bag?" asked Sammie.

"Oh, because a sweater is so big, and I have to carry so many colors of worsted for yours, besides my long knitting needles," said Susie. "I have my paws full. If I had a nice bag in which I could put everything I could take my knitting to school with me, and work on your sweater going and coming."

"I'll get you a bag," said Sammie.

The little rabbit boy wanted to get his sister a nice bag, and so, on his way home from school next day, he stopped in the five-and-ten-cent store.

"How much are your bags to carry sweaters and knitting needles and sky-blue-pink yarn in?" he asked the little mousie girl clerk in the five-and-ten-cent store.

"Eleven cents," said she.

"Oh, dear!" sadly exclaimed Sammie. "I only have nine cents. I guess I can't get Susie a bag."

Out of the five-and-ten-cent store Sammie went, and as he was hopping through the woods he met Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman.

"What's the matter, Sammie?" asked the bunny uncle. "Why do you look so sad?"

"I want to get Susie a bag so she can carry around with her the things she is making me a sweater out of," Sammie answered. "But I haven't the eleven cents."

"Why don't you make your sister a bag instead of buying one?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I don't know how," Sammie replied.

"I'll show you," Uncle Wiggily went on. "Come with me, Sammie."

So the bunny uncle and the rabbit boy went off through the woods together, and pretty soon Uncle Wiggily stopped in front of a tree that had white bark on.

"Help me gnaw off some of this, Sammie," said Uncle Wiggily.

"What is it?" the rabbit boy wanted to know.

"It's a birch tree, the same kind that I use as paper for my letters," was the answer. "We'll cut a large piece of birch bark and that will be the start for Susie's bag."

But when the bark had been gnawed off by the rabbit's sharp teeth, Sammie asked:

"How are you ever going to make a bag of that, Uncle Wiggily? It's flat like a piece of cloth."

"It must be sewed together on the edges," the bunny uncle replied. "Here is a thorn-apple tree, Sammie. One of the thorns will do very well for a needle."

"But where will we get the thread?" Sammie wanted to know. "And who will do the sewing? I can't."

"Nor can I," Uncle Wiggily confessed. "But Grandfather Goosey Gander used to be a sailor, sailing over the duck pond ocean. All sailors can sew and so can he."

"As for thread we'll take some of this strong ribbon grass and pull it into thin strips. Come on, now, we have everything we need for Susie's bag."

Together, taking with them the flat piece of white birch bark, the thorn needle and the grass thread, Uncle Wiggily and Sammie went to Grandpa Goosey Gander's house.

"Of course I can sew!" cried the old gentleman goose, and he sewed the edges of the birch bark together. Then he made draw.

strings of the wide ribbon grass in order that the mouth of the bag could be pulled shut, so as not to spill anything, and next Sammie made two hoop handles from branches of a wild cherry tree and Susie's knitting bag was finished.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the little rabbit girl. "It's much prettier than the five-and-ten-cent store kind. Now I'll soon finish your sweater, Sammie." And she did and Sammie wore it to school.

And if the bottle of ink doesn't give the picture book a black mark for telling a story about a lollypop that lost its stick, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the happy pumpkin.

CHAPTER XXV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PUMPKIN

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" exclaimed Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, one morning as he raced up on the front porch of the rabbit gentleman's hollow stump bungalow. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily, have you one?"

"Have I one what, Johnnie?" asked Mr. Longears, twinkling his pink nose like a sunbeam shining on a piece of chocolate cake.

"One pumpkin," went on the squirrel boy. "My brother, Billie, and I want to make a Jack-o'-lantern for Hallowe'en. Have you a pumpkin?"

"Yes, I have a pumpkin in my garden—two or three of them, in fact," said Uncle Wiggily. "And you and Billie may each have one for a Jack-o'-lantern. I thought, at first, you might be going to make a golden coach for Cinderella or Alice of Wonderland. But it isn't time for Hallowe'en for some weeks."

"We know that," said Johnnie, scamper-

ing up a tree and bringing down some chestnut chewing gum. "But we thought we'd ask you ahead of time."

"Glad you did!" exclaimed the jolly rabbit gentleman. "You may come out to the garden now and tell me the pumpkin you want."

So Uncle Wiggily and the squirrel boy went out to the garden and there Johnnie saw two very large pumpkins among the many others growing amid the corn.

"Oh, what scrumptious pumpkins!" chattered the squirrel boy. "I think I'll have this one for me and Billie, Uncle Wiggily. It's sort of flat one one side and that will do for the face of the Jack-o'-lantern."

"Very well," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I'll make a little scratch on this pumpkin with a sharp stone, and then you'll know it's yours. When you want it for Hallowe'en come and pick it."

"I will," said the squirrel boy, and then, after thanking the bunny, he scampered away to have fun with his brother.

Meanwhile, in Uncle Wiggily's garden, the two big pumpkins looked at one another,

even though they had, as yet, no Jack-o'-lantern faces.

"Did you hear what's going to happen to you?" asked the round pumpkin of the flat one.

"I did," was the answer in a most jolly voice; for this pumpkin was a happy one, like Uncle Wiggily.

"You're going to be cut up into a lantern with a blazing candle stuck inside you," went on the round pumpkin.

"Exactly," said the jolly flat one. "And right glad I am of it! I shall light up some of the world, anyhow, even if it is only a small part."

"Bosh!" said the round pumpkin, who was a cross, sour, crabbed chap like some apples I've seen. "Stuff and nonsense!"

"He's only jealous because Johnnie didn't pick him out to be a Jack-o'-lantern," said a green squash.

"I am not!" snapped the round, yellow chap, speaking in vegetable language, of course, which talk all the garden folk used.

"I wouldn't be a Jack-o'-lantern if you paid me!"

"Well, I'm going to be one," said the flat chap. "It will be jolly fun! Ha! Ha!"

"And do you know what will happen to you after that?" went on the cross pumpkin.

"I haven't given it a thought," was the answer.

"When the squirrel boys are done playing lantern with you, on Hallowe'en," went on the cross, sour pumpkin, "Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy will cut you up for a pie. I heard her tell Uncle Wiggily that."

"Well, what of it?" asked the flat pumpkin. "I'm sure there's no better fun than being made into a pumpkin pie for Uncle Wiggily and his friends at Thanksgiving. I'm glad you told me!"

"Bah! Worse and worse! Nonsense!" sneered the other fellow. "I'm not going to stay in a garden where such foolish chaps as you live. I'm going to run away!"

With that he gave himself a twist, broke his stem off from the vine and began to roll down the hill.

"I'm off to see the world!" he cried. "I'll have some fun! Good-bye!"

Down the hill like the mad March Hare, rolled the round pumpkin, faster and faster, laughing to himself at the flat one left behind. And then, all of a sudden, into a big stone crashed the round pumpkin, and he was all broken to pieces, and the pieces were so scattered about that there wasn't enough left to make even a baby pumpkin pie. And that was the end of the round pumpkin.

But the flat one stayed on the vine, and when Johnnie, with Uncle Wiggily, came to cut it off, the rabbit gentleman said:

"I thought I had two big pumpkins, but I only see one. However, take that, Johnnie, and make the Jack-o'-lantern." And Johnnie did, and the flat pumpkin had a most jolly time on Hallowe'en. But the round one did not.

And if the hand organ monkey doesn't pick jam tarts off the pie plant, and throw them at the loaf of bread, you shall next hear about Uncle Wiggily and the red beet.

CHAPTER XXVI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE RED BEET

Uncle Wiggily in the garden, twinkled his pink nose, when along came a nurse maid to hang up all the clothes.

Oh, excuse me! I don't mean it just that way. I was thinking about Mother Goose, I guess.

Uncle Wiggily was in the garden, and his pink nose was twinkling, but there wasn't any nurse-maid, at least just then.

The bunny rabbit gentleman was looking around his garden to see which of his vegetables he should next pull up to store away in his cellar over winter. He had pulled up the carrots, finding one, big giant chap, and he had gathered his turnips.

"And today I think I'll pull up the beets," said the rabbit gentleman to himself. "It's time they were taken from the ground, for soon the frost will come to kill them."

So, with his paws, just made for digging

in the dirt and taking up vegetables, Uncle Wiggily pulled his beets, putting them in a nice pile beside the garden walk.

But, somehow or other, the beets were not happy. They got talking among themselves as beets will, and one said:

"I don't see much fun in living! All we do is grow in the summer, and in the winter we are put in a dark cellar."

"That's right," spoke another beet. "And see what a pickle we get into sometimes! It's a shame."

For they do pickle beets, you know.

"I'll tell you what we ought to do," said a middle-sized beet.

"What?" asked all the others, wiggling their long, thin roots, like so many tails.

"We ought to roll away down hill by ourselves and start out to see the world," said the beet who was doing most of the talking. "Why stay here to be pickled, or put in a cellar and eaten with cabbage? Let's roll away down hill!"

"Yes, let's do it!" cried all the others.

"Oh, no, don't," spoke a red beet, one of

the reddest in the bunch; for some were pale pink and others white. "We had better stay here," went on the red beet. "Uncle Wiggily planted us in his garden and he wants us. I don't mind being put in a pickle for him."

"Well, we're not going to," said the other beets, and they were just about to look for a hill to roll down, to go away and see the world when, all of a sudden, along came hopping the lady mouse school teacher.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" she squeaked, for the of the garden and had not heard what the gentleman rabbit was down at the other end beets said. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily, our school flag is spoiled!" cried the lady mouse.

"Spoiled! How?" asked the bunny uncle.

"Well," went on the lady mouse teacher, "you know what a lovely flag—the red, white and blue colored one—we had floating over our hollow stump school."

"I remember," said Uncle Wiggily.

"It got quite dirty during the summer," said the lady mouse, "so I sent it to the laundry to be washed. But what do you think?"

"I never could guess," spoke Uncle Wiggily, twinkling his pink nose.

"All the red faded out to nothing!" exclaimed the lady mouse. "It's dreadful! Our flag doesn't look like the star-spangled banner at all. Can't you help us put back the red in it? Then it will be all right!"

Uncle Wiggily thought for a moment. Then he looked at the pile of beets from his garden.

"I have it!" he cried. "Among my beets is a very bright red one—the brightest, prettiest red I have ever seen. I will give you that for your faded school flag."

"Oh, but Uncle Wiggily—thank you just the same," said the lady mouse teacher, "but how can I make a flag of a red beet?"

"Oh, ho! I didn't mean to make a flag out of a beet," said the bunny rabbit gentleman. "I only meant to color the faded red stripes nice and bright again. I can do that with beet juice."

"Oh, so you can!" exclaimed the lady mouse teacher. "But you will have to do it in a hurry, Uncle Wiggily."

"Why?" asked the bunny.

"Because the bad mosquito enemies are coming to bite the chimney off our school," went on the teacher. "If they see the brave red, white and blue striped flag, and if none of the stripes are faded, it may scare them away."

"That's a good idea," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'd like to drive those mosquitoes away forever and a day. I'll make the flag new again, first, though."

So Uncle Wiggily took the beet from his garden, and he boiled it, getting a lot of beautiful red water. Then he hurried with it to the hollow stump school and the lady mouse teacher and he dipped the faded red stripes into the bright red juice.

"There! How's that for a flag?" asked the bunny, as they finished.

"Fine!" cried the teacher, as Mr. Rat, the janitor, ran the banner to the top of the flag-pole. "And here come the mosquitoes!"

And, surely enough, through the air came buzzing the bad bugs.





